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MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM CELIA'S NOTE BOOK.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

A man of the best parts and greatest learning, if he does not know the world by his own experience and observation, will be very absurd, and consequently very unwelcome in company. He may say very good things; but they will probably be so ill-timed and misplaced, or improperly addressed, that he had much better hold his tongue.

He that has no resources of mind, is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.

Misfortunes are, in morals, what bitters are in medicine: each at first disagreeable; but as the bitters act as corroborants to the stomach, so adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition.

To cure us of our immoderate love of gain we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

When I meet with a sour, rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife: and when I meet with an open, ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family, his relations.

Between the two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages; awhile the graves
Of empires heave but like passing waves.

As with our human beloved, when the graceful presence is with us, we cannot analyze or describe, but merely possess, and only after its departure can it be portrayed by our yearning desires; so it is with nature: only in losing her do we gain the power to describe her, and we are introduced to Art, as we are to Eternity, by the dropping away of our companions.

The mere fact that most minds perceive a higher existence than the life they actually lead, a life more in harmony with moral and natural laws, is an evidence that actual life is a most imperfect embodiment of real life.

Let us be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy.

Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day but because there's summat wrong in their own inside.

If you have taste, you may find leisure to win something of the luxury of truth or art in the busiest life for the uplifting of your spirit.

A person may cause evil to others not only by his actions, but by his inaction, and in either case he is justly accountable to them for the injury.

One need only utter something that flatters indolence and conceit, to be sure of plenty of adherents among commonplace people.

He who is wise puts aside all claims which may dissipate his attention, confines himself to one branch, and excels in that.

Man in society is like a flower,
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
His faculties expanded in full bloom
Shine out, there only reach their proper use.

"What keeps our friend farmer B. from church?" asked a clergyman, "I hope it is not socinianism." "No," said the sexton, "it's worse than that." "Worse than socinianism, is it deism?" "Worse than that, your honor." "Worse than deism, good heavens, I trust it is not atheism?" "It is worse than that sir, it is *rheumatism*."

Walpole said sarcastically of Pitt: "I apprehend the young gentleman has not yet sown his wild oats." To which Pitt rejoined: "Age has its privileges, and youth may have its faults; but the gentleman affords ample illustration that I still retain food enough for *geese* to peck at."

"Do you see any difference in neighbor Smith since he joined the church?" Yes; formerly when he went to work in his garden on Sunday he carried his tools on his shoulder, now he carries them under his coat."

There is no man who is not at some time indebted to his vices, as no plant that is not fed from manure. We only insist that the man meliorate, and that the plant grow upward, and convert the base into the better nature.

Vigor is contagious, and whatever makes us either think or feel strongly, adds to our power, and enlarges our field of action.

There is a sublime and friendly destiny by which the human race is guided,—the race never dying, the individual never spared.

From the sad hours of life
We sometimes do short hours, yes, minutes strike
Keen, blissful, bright, never to be fogotten;
Which, thro' the dreary gloom of time o'erpast,
Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste.

The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior; not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons, or opinions, or possessions.

We shall one day see that the most private is the most public energy; that quality atones for quantity; and grandeur of character acts in the dark, and succors them who never saw it.

He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed, is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity thereby puts on purity.

We must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices. Temperance, courage, love, are made up of the same jewels.

It is success that colors all in life:
Success makes fools admired, makes villians honest:
All the proud virtue in this vaunting world
Fawns on success, and power, howe'er acquired.

The reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

There is no grief like the grief that does not speak.

Next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one.

The mandate of God to his creature man is —Work!

AN ASTONISHED DOG.—A funny street incident is related by a St. Lo[illegible] about a dog, which, being bothered [illegible] one hot day, as he was dozi[illegible] N. [illegible] door, incautiously snapped [illegible] others. He made
Pottsville, Henry [illegible] Baird and [illegible] had just
nounced [illegible] deliver addresses. [illegible] to do in a

—Last Saturday, C[illegible] ed on end
Doylestown, arrived in [illegible] he pranced
Frederick E. Hilgard, recen[illegible] head frantically
as Assistant Supervisor of the [illegible] A little black ob-
Railroad Company. They proceed, and then star-
salem where 'Squire Henry hold[illegible] the corner,
where he gave bail, G. M. Dorran[illegible] man was
security for a hearing on the 13th [illegible] and once
upon the complaint of Annie E. Piper [illegible] black ob-
cuses him of "administering poison to [illegible] ed it tim-
produce a miscarriage, which by said [illegible] anted to
was produced." [illegible] should

THE TWO NEIGHBORS OF QUIMPER.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE MARKET PLACE.

Long ago, centuries before its two graceful spires adorned the cathedral of St. Corentin, Jehan Kergist and Olivier Logauna were the firmest pair of friends in the fair City of Quimper. For Quimper must always have been a fair city; even at this distance of time, so much of the moss of a former age clings about its quaint market-place, on its tree-shaded quays, its rivers, where old gray-gabled and towered houses look down at their own reflections in the water below—and, chief of all, in its gray old streets—that it is easy to call up a picture of the past, more especially on market-days, when the costumes and language of the people who come in crowds from the surrounding country are little different from what they were many hundred years ago.

It is market-day and Jehan and Olivier are chatting together as they stroll among the booths and stalls. Suddenly they both stand still. The eyes of both fix in one direction, and each man is seemingly so interested in what he sees that he does not ask his companion the reason of the sudden silence that has come between them.

A tall lay sister is buying cabbages at the vegetable stall opposite. She takes up first one and then another of the huge heads so like immense green roses, lays them in her flat palms and poises them carefully. Then she smiles down at her companion.

"Thou art no judge of cabbages, little one," she says, "or I should ask thee to see how much difference there can be between two vegetables which to the eye look the same."

There is a smile on her companion's face, but the smiles of age and youth are as unlike as the cabbages in question. Sister Ursula's smile creases the corners of her mouth and wrinkles her sallow face, while the smile of Francoise Nevez dimples and makes her pensive face beautiful.

"Sister Ursula," she says playfully, "is it not so with men and women? Some who look one as good as another are really quite different."

A flush comes on Sister Ursula's pale face.

"It may be so with women, my child," she says hastily. "Of men and their ways I know nothing, God be thanked," and she crosses herself devoutly.

Francoise laughed; but men being a forbidden topic, and cabbages not especially interesting, she looked round in search of amusement and she met the full gaze of the two friends.

She shrank from being stared at so publicly, and so bright a color rose in her face that Sister Ursula saw it, and being much accustomed to the charge of the young girls educated at the Convent of Locmaria, in a moment she had discovered the cause.

"Come, come, my daughter," she said anxiously, "it is time for us to go home. Annik has all we want in her basket; she can follow us."

She looked round at a stout, black-browed, bare-footed serving maid, whose square-topped close linen cap, not unlike a sugar-bag, set off her red cheeks and showed her to be an inhabitant of Quimper itself; the cap was far less picturesque than some of the other headpieces worn by Pont-l'Abbe and Pont-Aven women, and those of the other towns and villages who brought their goods to the Great Square of Quimper on market-day.

But Francoise lagged behind—at last she looked back over her shoulder.

"Sister Ursula," she said shyly, "did you see those two youths near us just now?"

"Well, what of them? they are just like other men." Sister Ursula spoke sharply. She had looked on men all her life as incarnations of evil. It disturbed her that her favorite Francoise should waste a thought on such godless mortals.

"But one of them is Monsieur Jehan Kergrist; I am sure it is he. He used to come and see me at my godfather's, and we used to play in the garden together, and—and my godfather loved him dearly." She had blushed again; she remembered that Jehan had always called her his little wife. "Yes, I am sure it is Jehan, though he is altered." She looked over her shoulder again.

"Come, come along, my child; we are late already." Sister Ursula's face was puckered with anxiety. What would the Abbess think, or Sister Clara, the mistress of the novices, if she, Ursula, who had always been looked on as the best watch-dog the convent possessed, had actually suffered Francoise Nevez—the fairest and in expectancy the richest, ward of the community—to look after a young man in the market-place of Quimper? "Is the child in love?" she asked herself.

What love might be Ursula did not know; but she believed it to be a species of Evil Eye or glamor cast by men—always incarnations of evil—on hapless girls, whom it usually led to misery and perdition, especially if the girls chanced to be rich and handsome.

Old Marie, the sieve-seller, had loitered over a bargain she was making to watch the little incident just recorded. The young men stood near her, and she had noted the direction of their eyes. When Francoise looked over her shoulder at Jehan Kergrist, the old woman clapped her hands and laughed out loud.

"Thou art in luck, my son," she said to Jehan; "that backward glance was for thee." She looked mocking at Olivier Logonna, who was frowning till his black brows met over his narrow blood shot eyes.

"Silence, old fool," he said. "How can a blind old beetle like you pretend to say which of us Mademoiselle Nevez saw when she looked back just now? That old dragon of a sister was scolding her, I swear."

"Holy Virgin!" Marie crossed herself, and Jeanne Pichon who was haggling over a sieve, also crossed herself and shook her linen capped head vigorously; "dragon is no name for good Sister Ursula. Fie for shame, young man! Are you a heretic, or has Satan himself taken hold of you, that you can so speak of a holy sister of the sainted cross?"

"Mind your sieves, you old crow," Olivier said savagely.

Jehan looked in wonder at his friend, and he pulled his arm to draw him further from the gossips.

"Be quiet, Kergrist,"—Olivier looked still more angry. "You will tear the braid off my sleeve with your violence. Go if you want to go," and he threw his arm from him rudely. "I am in no hurry to leave the market."

Jehan looked surprised, then annoyed; but Marie's two companions began to giggle at the quarrel between the friends. Jehan bit his lip and walked across the market-place to a gabled house behind the cathedral.

As he passed in through the low round-headed doorway, the light streamed into the shop, and showed its dark oak-paneled walls and carved presses full of merchandise. An inner door facing the entrance stood open and revealed the massive staircase pillar with carved figures of saints guarding every landing, and a wealth of quaint masks and scrollwork between. The kitchen was screened off on the left from the staircase by a carved partition of black oak about ten feet high; the stone walls on each side, except at the staircase opening, went up without any intervening ceiling to the skylight above. Jehan went on hurriedly beyond staircase and kitchen to a small richly-furnished room. He closed the door behind him, turned the quaintly-worked key in the massive lock, and then sat down before an old desk and rested his head on his hands.

"I did not know it," he said sadly; "and yet, now I think over the last few days, I might have known it—Olivier loves Francoise. What can I do? I would give my own life for him, and yet I cannot give up my hopes."

He covered his face with his hands, but he soon looked up and there was a smile on his honest face; he was not nearly so handsome as Olivier—there was a heavy squareness about his features, but his eyes were dark and sweet.

"It must be so," he said. "I never saw him so moved; he is always so staid and discreet. But I have loved her all my life," he went on. "I know it now, and Olivier has only seen her by chance—two or three times in the market place—he has not even spoken to her, and he is always taken up with the last new face." He paused again, and a downcast look saddened his face. "It may be that Francoise would like him best; girls are apt to like men who have had successes with women better than us simple fellows who only care for earnest honest love. But I will not be faint-hearted. Let us both try; we are each rich enough to marry, thanks to the thrift and skill of our parents, and Francoise shall choose for herself. After all, I can but remain single for her sake—her happiness is the chief thing—sweet child."

CHAPTER II.

GODFATHER PICARD.

The Abbess of the Convent of Holy Cross had risen from her high-backed oak chair, and was moving toward the door of her room. She stopped and turned round.

"Good day, Monsieur Picard;" she bowed stiffly to her visitor. "As you specially require it, I will send the child to you, though you might have trusted to men to find out her wishes, since you consider that her inclination is to be studied."

The Abbess was a tall fine woman with a noble face, so pale that it scarcely seemed made of flesh and blood, but the smile that came with her words gave her a sarcastic, almost cruel expression.

Jean Picard's broad red face grew crimson, and his heavy brows met in a frown.

"Undoubtedly I do, Madame," he said sternly, "I married for love myself, and I never repented my act. Why shouldn't this poor little girl—as good as a child to me—have the same luck?"

"Luck is a false word, Sir"—her smile grew pitying—"luck has nothing to do with the children of the Holy Church. Good morning, Monsieur Picard."

She went out of the room, her thick woolen robes filling up the doorway as she passed through. As soon as the door shut behind her, Monsieur gave a sigh of relief and sat down in the Abbess' chair.

"She's a good woman, that I doubt not: but she has an eye on business," he said crossly. "She's not the saint Francoise makes her out to be. She knows as well as I do that Olivier Logonna is a richer man now, and likely to be in the future a much richer man than Jehan Kergrist, and she foresees that there will be more to be made for the convent out of Madame Logonna than out of Madame Kergrist; and, maybe, Olivier's handsome face and smooth tongue have had their way. Did she let him see Francoise, I wonder? Surely she would not venture without my permission."

The door opened, and in came Francoise Nevez; such a contrast, with her bright face and golden hair, to the pale, black-robed nun who had just left the room that, even to the prosaic old merchant, Jean Picard, it seemed as if sunshine had come into the room with his ward.

She ran up to him, kissed him on both cheeks before he could rise to greet her, and then put both her hands on his shoulders.

"What mischief is brewing, my dear godfather?—two visitors in one day is quite an event for Holy Cross, I can tell you; and you are the second gentleman who has come to see our mother this afternoon."

Jean Picard grunted and looked very cross.

"Ah!" he said, "who was the other?"

Francoise smiled and blushed.

"It was Monsieur Olivier Logonna."

"And what do you know about Logonna?" Picard spoke roughly. "You have never seen him at my house? What is he like, child?"

"Oh, I have seen him several times at market and in church, and to-day, when I was in the garden watering my flowers, our Mother passed by and presented Monsieur Logonna to me."

Picard grew red and angry.

"Well, and what do you think of him?

The girl thought her guardian was jealous and tyranical, and she felt inclined to tease.

"I thought a great many things," and she looked down demurely on the floor.

"Confound all women!" but Picard said this to himself—he looked awkwardly at his ward, and plunged his broad hand in among his hair.

"Do you want him for a husband?" he spoke so crossly that Francoise started.

"I never said so." Tears sprang in her eyes. "Why are you angry with me, godfather? may I not speak to any one besides you?"

She had seated herself beside him on a low wooden stool, and as she spoke she stroked the back of his hand as it lay in his lap.

Jean Picard looked wistfully round the room, as if he expected some of the figures in the pictures that decorated the walls—a dark series representing the Triumphs of the Cross—to come down and tell him how to manage his ward. Jehan Kergrist had come to him that morning to propose for Francoise Nevez, and it had seemed such easy work to say "Yes, if Francoise were willing;" and now, instead of being able to plead for his young friend, he found that Olivier Logonna had been before him, both with the Abbess and with Francoise.

"Jehan has been a fool," he muttered; "why did he delay? Such a girl as Francoise cannot be hidden away. Did he think no one had eyes but himself?"

"Come, come, godfather," the girl spoke half coaxingly, half pettishly, "why may I not speak to Monsieur Logonna?"

Jean looked down at her for a minute, and then he laid his hand on her golden head.

"You have not answered my question, little one. When you have done that I will tell you what I think of Olivier Logonna."

"It is not a reasonable question, godfather," she pouted; then she looked winningly in his face. "How can I want a husband when I have you for a father?"

Picard brightened with pleasure; he bent down and kissed her fair forehead.

"Yes, my child, you must have a husband to take care of you, and if you wish for this Logonna you shall have him. He says he loves you, he has told the Abbess he does, and God forbid that I, of all men, should cross true love, even if it crosses my own wish. I had other hopes, but never mind them now."

Francoise flushed deeply and looked down. Picard sighed; it seemed to him that this was her answer. She had chosen Olivier Logonna—what need to trouble her tender heart with the tale of Jehan Kergrist's love?

He stroked her soft hair gently.

"Then it is settled, my little girl;" he spoke gently. "I will tell Logonna that you will listen to him, and you must come home for the wooing."

He felt the head twitch away from his fingers, and Francoise rose up quickly.

"Oh, godfather, what do you mean—why do we go on teasing one another? Monsieur Logonna looked pleasant, and he spoke to me, but I could never marry him—never," she cried with emphasis.

Jean Picard looked helplessly at the pictures again. What did Francoise mean? Was there any hope for Jehan, or should he by speaking of his young friend's love ruin his hopes?

"If Marie had given me any daughters," he thought, his face getting more and more perplexed, I should then have learned how to deal with Francoise. How am I to find out what this wayward child means?"

Francoise had stood silently watching his face; she was timid as well as impulsive, and it seemed to her that her frankness had vexed her kind godfather.

She looked down at her pretty feet, and twisted her fingers together.

"Papa Picard!" He looked up and the perplexity cleared away. Ever since Francoise had been a toddling rosy child of three years old, she had called him Papa Picard; and now it seemed to honest, troubled Jean that the reserve which her four years of convent life had brought into their intercourse had suddenly melted; she was again his merry mischievous Francoise, the child he was bound to advise and protect, and who was to inherit his large fortune.

"Yes, yes, my little one." He rose up, put a hand on each of her shoulders, and kissed her forehead. "What does my Francoise want of her old father?"

She blushed and hung her head. "Do you then wish me to marry Monsieur Logonna godfather?"

Then she looked up and saw the perplexity come back into his eyes and on his lips, and she suddenly burst out laughing. "Papa Picard you want me to marry some one else," she said. "Who is it?"

Jean Picard took his hand from her shoulder, pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped his hot face.

"The Holy Virgin be praised," he said; "my child shall not marry any one she cannot love with her whole heart!" He stopped, then he hurried on; "If she can love Jehan Kergrist, Papa Picard would like her to marry him."

Francoise turned quickly away, and Picard thought she was vexed again; she went up to the window and began tapping the small diamond panes with her fingers, while she gazed at some tall white lilies growing in one of the square flower-pots of the convent garden.

Picard waited—but at last he grew impatient.

"I must be going, child;" she turned round, and he saw that her cheeks were glowing, and her eyes had a sweet suffused look that was very like happiness. "Come, come, this will do!" he muttered; "you are getting on, Jean; you begin to understand young girls!" then with a twinkle in his eyes, "I am then to say 'No' to Monsieur Logonna, and 'Yes' also to Jehan—is it so, my child?"

Francoise screwed her lips together. "Suppose," she looked up brightly in his face, "you only do one message, Papa Picard: I want to be so sure that Monsieur Kergrist is in earnest—that—that—he had better ask me himself."

CHAPTER III.

A TEMPTATION.

Four years have passed since Jehan Kergrist wedded fair Francoise Nevez in the Cathedral of St. Corentin. It had been a gay marriage, and the young couple had the good will and hearty prayers of most Quimper folk. Jehan had not hitherto had an enemy in the town, but his marriage had at first cost him his dearest friend.

For six months Olivier Logonna disappeared from Quimper, and when he came back he was a changed man; he gave up all the pleasures to which he had been so much addicted, he never went into any company, nor was he often seen out of doors; he spent all his time in his counting-house, or in making journeys connected with his business. At first he shunned his old friend, but Jehan's frank cordiality broke down Olivier's coldness, and soon they were to be seen crossing the market-place together as usual and frequently in one another's shops; on one point Olivier remained firm—he would not enter his friend's dwelling-house.

"I go nowhere," he said, and Jehan was obliged to accept the excuse.

He accepted it the more readily because Francoise had a strong dislike to Olivier. When she found out that Logonna had known of his friend's long cherished love for her, she could not forgive his request to the Abbess for leave to wed her.

"You are well rid of such a friend," she said to her husband; "he cannot be honest."

"Hush, my child," Jehan had answered. "Olivier is one of the first and most highly honored merchants of Quimper."

And so he was—his business went on increasing and increasing, and people wondered why he did not marry, for, like Jehan, he was an only son, and had lost his parents early.

Jean Hergrist's affairs had also prospered, and he had two rosy little sons so like him that Jean Picard often scolded Francoise, and asked her why she did not bestow some of her own good looks on her little ones.

But now, at the end of the four years, war broke out in Brittany; towns were taken and pillaged, and property was no longer safe.

Jehan sat in his counting-house, with an open letter in his hand. It was from England, and it held the offer of a profitable undertaking; indeed, the profits offered were so large that he scarcely felt justified in refusing the business. But yet he shrank from leaving his home at such an uncertain time of strife and bloodshed.

He would not tell Francoise—why should he lay on her his perplexity? There was none to advise him, his old friend Picard had gone to Normandy to secure some property he held there. So Jehan had to keep his troubles to himself, and he went about all that day with an anxious face and a troubled spirit.

He met Olivier Logonna in the market-place, but he said nothing to him. He could not confide to this friend that which was still untold to Francoise.

In the evening, just as he was preparing, in the homely fashion of those days, to close his shop with his apprentice's help, he met Logonna on the door step.

"I want you to come and see me, Jehan," Olivier smiled genially. "I have shut myself up too long—I mean to admit my friends again, and I will begin with you, the best friend I have."

Jehan hesitated; he knew that in their boyhood he had always told all his secrets to Olivier and had received none of his friends in return; there seemed too, a magnetic power in the silent Logonna which had always drawn his friend on to confidence, but he did not want to confide in him now. And yet if he told Francoise as soon as he came home, why should he not ask Olivier's opinion? He hesitated again. Would Francoise like him to go and spend an evening with the man she so shrank from?

"Thank you, my friend," he said; "I fear I cannot come."

"Then," Olivier looked very sad and downcast, "it is as I feared—you have never forgiven me, Jehan; all your kindness has been a sham."

He turned to go away, but Jehan caught his arm.

"Stay—I will come. I will tell Francoise not to wait for me."

Logonna stopped him.

"Do not say to your wife that you are coming to me; you can truly say you have business this evening, for it is business I want to talk with you."

Jehan looked unwilling—but he went back to speak to his wife.

Only the maid Gwen and the eldest boy were in the sitting room.

"My mistress is up stairs with Conan," the girl said.

Jehan left a message for Francoise, and went back to his friend; he was not sorry to miss seeing his wife.

Since his marriage Jehan had added many comforts to his home, and he was greatly struck by the bareness of Olivier's room. The weather was cold, but there was no fire on the empty hearth; and it seemed to Kergrist that some of the ancient carved furniture he remembered had disappeared.

Logonna was very friendly, but as soon as they were seated he suddenly said—

"Now Jehan, what ails you? have you made a bad bargain, or lost a cargo of merchandise? something is troubling you."

His dark eyes glowed as he fixed them on Jehan's face; the long narrow gaze had the strange fascination of a serpent.

Jehan struggled; he tried to withdraw his eyes from Logonna's, but he could not, and without his will his tongue answered, "Yes, my friend, I have a trouble."

"Ah," Olivier sighed, but he kept silence; he trusted to his eyes more than to his tongue.

Kergrist grew restless under the long narrow gaze; he fidgeted and tried to look away. In vain, his eyes came back and settled with an increasing expression of trust on his friend's face.

"It seems selfish," he began, "to trouble you with my troubles; besides, I ought to be man enough to bear them for myself."

"That is not the teaching we get in church," said Olivier; "the sermon of last Sunday told us to 'bear one another's burdens.'" He looked devout, and crossed himself, that his friend might see he was in earnest.

Jehan looked puzzled and touched. Olivier had never taken this tone with him before, it was rather the sort of reasoning he might have expected from Francoise.

"I will tell you my perplexity," he said at last; "your wits are sharper than mine, and you will help me to see what I should do." Olivier listened with fixed attention, but when Jehan spoke of the offer that had been made him, a fierce light shone in Logonna's eyes; he checked this, and forced his lips into a smile of congratulation.

"You would have to be absent for some time" he said.

"Yes," Jehan sighed, "there is my trouble; who can say what may happen to Quimper in two or three months, even in seven or eight weeks, and I might be longer; am I to risk so much for profit?"

Olivier closed his eyes till they looked like two black oblique lines. He sat thinking for a few moments.

"You say there is no time to lose," he said; "you must go at once or relinquish the affair; well, let us consider."

His heavy eyebrows met, and his lips closed tightly. For a moment he thought he would make Kergrist give up the enterprise, and snatch at it himself; but this could not be done secretly, and he must not lose his character in Quimper for fair dealing. Suddenly he looked up, his face aglow as he smiled brightly at his friend. "I have it, Jehan; you can do it safely. Sell your stock and house—you will easily find a purchaser—convert all you have into money, and then you can go away happy."

"And my wife and children?" Jehan looked angry. "Did Olivier then suppose that he cared more for his goods then he did for his family?"

"Your wife and children will be safe with Jean Picard, and surely, Jehan, you will also rely upon my devotion."

Kergrist looked unwilling, but he grasped his friend's outstretched hand. "And the money, what can I do with it? In such times as these whose money is safe? I cannot leave it with Jean Picard, he is getting old."

"I will take charge of it," said Olivier. "I promise you that I will watch over it as carefully as if it were my own. Come, Jehan, trust my counsel; be at rest; a husband and a father has no right to lose such a splendid chance of doubling his fortune.

CHAPTER IV.

A TRAITOR.

A little way out of Quimper, beside the tree-shaded river, there was a pleasant, many-gabled stone house, with a quaint round staircase tower at two of its corners. The wall that shut it in from the path beside the river was built of regular blocks of the same dark gray greenstone and in front between this wall and the house itself was a pleasant strip of garden planted with quaint starry flowers and aromatic herbs. Behind the house, and on each side where the space was larger, were orchards with purple plums and rich brown pears ripening in the warm August sunshine.

Looking under the trees, you might have seen beyond them a plot of open ground, green and gold just now, with its crop of gourds and cabbages, over which a few butterflies still hovered, but over the herb-bed in front hung quite a colony of busy bees, filling the air with their soft humming.

There was a cheerful glow about the scene, and when presently two fat square-faced children, in long jackets and baggy breeches, came running out of the house, their merry faces and shrill outcries of joy seemed quite in keeping with the rest.

"Mother, mother," they cried joyfully, "there are more bees than ever to-day."

Francoise came out of the low round-headed doorway. She smiled at her children's words, but the smile faded at once from her pale face. She turned away and walked on till she reached the right hand corner of the house, and then she went slowly into the orchard, her black dress and white cap in harmony with the green below and around her.

"Ah, my husband," she was saying to herself, "what can keep you from me?—a year tomorrow since you went away—what can it be?"

She had shrunk with a fear she could not give a reason for from her husbond's undertaking; but Jean Picard loudly advocated it, and offered so heartily to take the young wife and children to his home beside the Odet, that Francoise yielded when she saw that her husband really wished to go.

For the first two months she had from time to time received letters from Jehan; then the war had extended from the frontier to the north coast of Brittany, and all tidings ceased. At last came a letter by a traveling peddler, saying that Jehan had set out on his home journey; but this had come several months ago, and no news could be gained of him.

Old age was fast telling on Jean Picard; he had long ago given up business, but of late, since a slight illness, his health and mind had grown very feeble, and Francoise felt she could no longer rely on his judgement.

He had grown into a habit of consulting Olivier Logonna, and since he had become too feeble to go to Quimper, the rich young merchant came twice or thrice a week to the pleasant gray house beside the river, and sat for hours with Picard.

At first Francoise avoided meeting him, but one day, some time after Jehan's departure, he surprised her sitting with the old man.

Olivier was so humble, so deeply reverent in his manner; he spoke so lovingly of her husband, and of his return, that when he went away Francoise rebuked herself for want of charity, and resolved to tolerate Monsieur Logonna's visits. Jean Picard counted the hours till he came again, and referred the most trifling matters to Olivier.

The months lagged heavily by without any tidings, and Logonna came oftener; Francoise was surprised one day at her own disappointment because he failed to come. She had few visitors, and it was a relief, after the childish babbling of the old man, to turn to some one with her anxious hopes and fears; besides this, she grew conscious of a strange power in those half-closed dark eyes that drew her irresistibly to confidence; and as Logonna walked beside her under the trees, watching the changes of her sweet, loving face, he saw his power; his purpose strengthened—Francoise should be his, spite of all her present love for Jehan Kergist.

To-day beside the Odet he was busy with thoughts of Francoise.

"My spies along the coast," he said, "are positive that Jehan has not landed: he is either in a French prison, or he has fallen in trying to pass the frontier, or he may have suffered shipwreck, or he may have married an English wife."

He did not believe this last idea, but he tried to force it on himself, so that he might impress it more powerfully on Francoise. He loved her too ardently to be sure of his own influence.

"But even supposing the worst," he thought; "if Jehan comes back, he may have been plundered of his gains, and then——" he paused, a dark stern look, as if the shadow of some evil being were reflected in his face, changed him into a distorted likeness of himself; "and then," he went on with firm lips, "Jehan Kergrist is a beggar, and Francoise will shrink from beggary; her own money belongs to the children she cannot touch it, and she has always been used to riches; her ways and habits are delicate and soft, she could not endure privation or discomfort. No—Jehan the beggar will not be welcome, and—but I am a fool to waste thought on that which is impossible. Jehan must not return."

He urged on his horse, and soon reached the gabled house of Jean Picard.

"I will be careful," he said to himself; "no word or look shall betray me till my time come; and after taking his horse to the stable, he stole softly into the orchard.

When he came in sight of Francoise he stood still gazing. He was keenly alive to things of beauty, and the tall, graceful figure, with its clasped hands and saddened face, made a picture of melancholy in vivid contrast to the glow all around, to the rich fruit smiling among the leaves overhead, and the golden light dancing in and out flickering the golden-starred grass under foot, to the gay cries of the unseen children, and the soothing hum of the bees; he felt compelled to stand and gaze. Francoise was pondering his influence. "What is it compels me listen to him?" she said; "I believe in him while he is near, and yet the instant he leaves me I shrink from him and his words."

All at once she looked round and saw him so standing, with an eager look of excitement on his face.

She gave a little cry and ran toward him.

"You bring me news," she cried; "oh, tell it quickly!"

Her heaving bosom, her lovely eyes swimming with uncontrolled emotion, showed him the hold Jehan yet possessed on her love.

He shook his head, with sorrow in his face, and burning anger in his heart.

"I have no news that he is coming, my sweet friend. I have surmises, founded on my inquiries, it is true; but you will not listen to surmises."

She put her hand on his arm. "How do you mean? I will listen to anything that gives news of my husband."

Logonna turned away with a sad smile.

"Tell me," she went on; "I will know what you are hiding from me."

Then she took her hand away and spoke more gently:

"You must pardon me, Monsieur Logonna, but suspense makes me vehement and uncourteous."

She looked at him sweetly; he could scarcely restrain his love from showing itself.

"My friend"—he kept his eyes on the ground—"you must pardon me if I give you pain. I have reason to think that Kergrist will not return; he is by this time doubtless the husband of another wife."

Francoise grew colorless; then she flushed to the edge of the matronly cap which hid her fair shining hair.

"It is a false tale," she said sternly, "and you are a false friend to repeat it."

"Pardon me," he hurried after her as she turned away, and he spoke eagerly "you are very hard on Jehan. What can he do? if he marries and stays in England, he will be rich; if he comes back here, he is a beggar and he beggars you also."

"She stopped and looked at him with a scared face.

"A beggar! that cannot be—he told me he left his money in safe charge in Quimper." She fixed her eyes earnestly on Olivier.

"That was his first intention. I had settled to take charge of the coin, and then at the last he changed his mind and took it with him."

Francoise stood very still and was silent. "He could not be false to me," she said at last, he was always true and honest."

"How patient, how trusting you are," Logonna sighed. "My heart aches to think how such constancy is rewarded; but indeed, dear lady, you waste it—you are certainly a free woman—either Kirgrist is dead or he is false, he is dead to you either way, and yet because I only try to show the truth, you say I am a false friend. I swore to Kergrist that I would watch over and protect you, and it is surely part of this duty to tell you the result of the inquiries I have caused to be made. I have no doubt that Kergrist is at this moment happy with his new wife."

She turned on him passionately.

"You have some purpose in saying this—why do you do it? Tell me that, too, and then I shall see whether I ought to hate you or believe you.

Her eyes glowed; she panted with excitement, and again she put her hand on his arm, as if to force the truth from him.

The pressure of her slender fingers maddened him.

"I have no motive," he said, with passion that equaled her own: "but I love you more than my life. Can you not feel, Francoise,"—he gathered her hands hungrily into his—"that you are more to me than life itself?"

She stood still, so shocked with surprise that she did not at once draw her hands from his burning clasp.

"What is any love you have known to mine?" he said, ardently. "Can love that is fed by such love as yours compare with the fire of a heart that has been consuming itself all these years, its only nourishment regret? Oh, Francoise! give me at least a hope; do not drive me to despair."

She had drawn away her hands, and stood looking proudly at him.

"Monsieur Logonna, what you have just said I will try to forget; but you must not see me again."

Then she went swiftly round the angle of the house, and left him alone among the fruit-trees.

CHAPTER V.

"HE WILL RETURN," SHE SAID.

Jean Picard was dead—the funeral was over, and, to the surprise of every one, the notary of Quimper declared that the old merchant had left every liard he possessed, not to his beloved granchild, Francoise Kergrist, but to his esteemed and trusted friend Olivier Logonna, who was also appointed Trustee to the two Kergrist children, in place of the dead man.

This arrangement had necessitated more than one meeting between the sorrowful Francoise and Logonna, but though he looked deeply penitent, she treated him with a lofty contempt, and only spoke to him when absolutely required to do so.

She was almost heart-broken to-day. The house and all that it contained was the property of Logonna. He had sent a message through the village priest of Locmaria, the priest who had married her and Jehan, to ask her to consider herself as much mistress of the house as she had been in her godfather's lifetime, but she had refused. She saw that Father Felix thought highly of Olivier, and she did not like to accuse him, but she would not accept his offer.

"You will find it hard to live, my daughter;" Father Felix shook his head with deprecation. "Both rent and provisions are dearer since the war began, and you will find it hard to live in Quimper on what remains to you."

"It will not be for long, Father; Jehan must come back now."

Father Felix shook his head; Olivier had persuaded him that Jehan was dead, and more than once the priest had advised Francoise to consider herself a widow; but she remained obstinate.

"Farewell, my child." he said. I hope you will change your mind and stay here. I shall come again to-morrow."

He went out of the long, low room, along a short clay-floored passage, but it seemed to her that he stopped halfway. She heard a cry, and then came back the sound of shuffling feet, and the priest's white scared face looked in on her again.

"Francoise," he spoke hoarsely, "my good child, prepare yourself; you are right—or it is his spirit."

"It is Jehan!" but she could not move; she stood with clasped hands and straining eyes awaiting her husband.

He came in. He was so gray, so wan, and weary-looking—such a beggar in appearance that he was scarcely to be recognized; but Francoise took no note of this. She sprang forward and clasped him in her arms; then she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed out his joy and sorrow.

Father Felix stole quietly away to fetch the children. He was glad that Francoise's sorrow was over, but still if she had been really a widow she might have married the rich man, Olivier Logonna, and Olivier had promised a new shrine to the church of Locmaria. Father Felix was vexed with himself that he was not more entirely satisfied.

When he came back with the two children he was greatly surprised at the change in Jehan's manner. His face was red and angry, his eyes sparkled, and he was standing in front of Francoise, questioning her.

The little boys hung back shyly; they did not recognize their father in this soiled, ragged man.

Jehan threw himself on a chair, and pointed at them angrily.

"They, too, take me for a beggar," he said. "Well, Father Felix, are you also in this precious conspiracy to defraud me of what is really mine?"

Francoise did not speak. She raised first one child and then another, and when she had placed them in her father's arms, she hurried to seek food for the wanderer. Meantime, the children's kisses softened Jehan.

He turned more courteously to Father Felix, who had begun to question him, and told him how he had been seized by a Danish pirate and made to work on board his captor's ship, till he at last contrived to escape; how he had been plundered of all he had, and thus had been forced to make a long journey on foot, and to beg his way from Bordeaux, near which place he had landed; and now how his wife had greeted him with the news of Jean Picard's will, and also that Logonna had told her he was a beggar.

"And are you not one, then, my son?" Father Felix brightened with a sudden hope. He had been in terrible anxiety for the future he saw for Francoise with this ruined husband.

"No I swear by St. Corentin. No—I gave all my money, very large sum, to Logonna, and he swore to watch over it as though it were his own, and to keep the matter a secret."

The priest gave a deep sigh of relief.

"And so he has, my son; even to me he has not said one word of the deposit intrusted to him."

"But I tell you, father, he has denied its existence. He has told my wife I changed my mind and gave him nothing."

Father Felix smiled.

"Do you think, my son, he would tell a woman that which he concealed from me? It was but a pious deception to keep your secret from all. Olivier is a good man, and he has watched over your wife and children like a brother."

Jehan shrugged his shoulders.

"I loved Olivier dearly," he said; "but I did not think he would have juggled my wife out of her inheritance; he——"

The priest raised his hand.

"Forbear, my son. That was not his fault. The old man was childish and feeble; he grew so to depend on Logonna that he could not bear him out of his sight; he was besotted over him."

Jehan had grown calm and like himself, and as Francoise came into the room he folded her tenderly in his arms.

"My child," he said, your godfather's will must be seen to. I will eat a crust of bread and drink a glass of wine—no more," he waved away the salver of good things which Gwen carried behind her mistress; "and then, father by your leave we will all go to Quimper, and find out the truth for ourselves."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ORDEAL.

The trio took some time to reach Quimper. Francoise rode behind her husband on the old gray horse that had often carried her and her godfather, and Father Felix walked beside them. Before they reached the city gates, the news had spread of Jehan's return.

The Bishop of Quimper sat alone in the Palace Library—at that time he and the chapter of the Cathedral regulated the affairs of the City of Quimper, and, like a good Captain, since war had broken out he had remained at the helm of public affairs.

A knock; the curtain which masked the door was drawn aside, and a servant asked the audience for Monsieur Olivier Logonna.

The Bishop bowed, and then summoned a welcoming smile. He had no reason to dislike Logonna; he was not liberal, but the priest of Locmaria asserted that he paid his dues, and led a good life—and yet the Bishop had always shrunk from the dark-browed, subtly-smiling young man.

"Good day, my son," he said as Olivier bent low to kiss his hand; "what can I do for you?"

Olivier looked very sad.

"My lord, I am cast down with trouble. My fellow-townsman and friend Jehan Kergrist, whom we all thought dead has returned—though, indeed, from what I hear, it is like enough that it is not he, but some impostor who has learned his story, and is passing himself off on the poor wife as her husband—if it be the true Jehan, then, alas, he is distraught and possessed."

The words jarred on the Bishop; he looked up sharply at Olivier.

"On what do you found this charge?"

But there was another rapping at the door, and before the Bishop had given leave the servant came in hurridly.

'Pardon, my lord—but there is good news; Jehan Kergrist is not dead after all, he is waiting without.'

The man had known Jehan all his life, and his eyes were bright with pleasure.

'He may come in;' the Bishop turned his head away from Olivier, who tried to interpose.

Jehan came in, followed by the priest and Francoise; they all knelt and kissed his hand, but the Bishop was shocked by the change he saw in Jehan.

Logonna came forward and greeted him.

'Welcome home, friend,' he said; 'why, we had all given you up;' he looked into Jehan's eyes, and Kergrist's doubts melted into renewed trust in his friend.

'I came to Quimper to find you, Olivier; to ask you to restore the precious deposit I confided to you. I have lost all besides,' he said frankly; 'that is to say, while the war lasts and trade is at an end with foreign countries.'

Logonna looked at the bishop, and touched his forehead.

"My good Jehan, you mistake,' he said gently. "Do you not remember what passed between us? You gave me this precious charge but at the last you changed your mind and I restored it to you—surely you remember that?'

Jehan looked at him keenly, but Olivier met his eyes with a look of gentle pity in his dark, narrow gaze.

"You are distraught, Olivier Logonna, or you are the blackest of liars. Recollect yourself; and it was you who first urged this journey on me, and then you bade me secretly sell all that I had, and give you the money to take care of.'

The Bishop looked earnestly from one face to the other.

"You are both men of good repute," he said, "and yet one of you must be a great sinner. Jehan, are you sure of what you say?"

Spite of his secret shrinking from Logonna, the man's calm gentleness seemed to attest his innocence; the angry face and impetuous gestures of the miserable-looking, beggarly Jehan went against him in the Bishop's mind.

'Oh my lord, do not doubt me,' he said imploringly; 'I have no proof but my word, but I have never broken that.'

'Did you take no receipt, then for this money?' The Bishop's manner had become colder toward Jehan.

"No—I would have as soon thought of asking a receipt from you, my lord."

The Bishop sat musing; at last he looked sadly at Jehan.

"I must summon the chapter, and you shall know the result of their conference; but I must warn you Jehan, that I fear it cannot be favorable to you. Till you went away, your good repute was equal to Monsieur Logonna's; but you have been away for more than a year, and we do not know of your doings; this will, I fear, go against you."

Francoise had stood clasping her hands on her bosom, but now she stepped forward and fell on her knees.

"My lord, we do not know what Jehan has been doing all this while, but a straight tree does not at once grow crooked; until he went, his life had been spotless. Ah, my lord, no one knew how good he was but I." She paused to get courage.

"Peace, my poor child," said the Bishop: "if Logonna had a wife, she would say as much for him as you do for Jehan. Now I must send you all away that I may consider this matter."

Francoise started up. "She could not say so, for he is not a good man," she cried with passion in her voice. "Ah, my lord, through this year you and others have seen but the outside of that false man; he affirmed to me that my husband was beggared, and had left me for a new wife, and he besought me to love him—him, Olivier Logonna—traitor, you know this is truth!"

She almost screamed out the last words, and pointed at Olivier, who had flushed deeply while she spoke.

The Bishop looked very stern. "I cannot enter into a fresh matter till the first is settled; but if this is true Logonna, it will deeply injure your cause."

Olivier had recovered himself. "I forgive her my lord," he said quietly; no one can blame a wife's expedient to save her husband's credit."

The Bishop seemed as if he did not hear; he went out with a troubled look, but he bade Father Felix keep Jehan and his wife safely in a room by themselves till they were summoned to the Chapter house. Logonna, he said, could return to his own house and hold himself in readiness.

The trial is over. Logonna and Jehan stand in the midst of the Chapter-house, with the circle of grave faces bent on them. Most of the reverend judges side with Logonna, a few with Jehan; but those last are silenced, when all at once Logonna stands up and prays to be heard.

'Holy Fathers,' he says fervently, 'I am ready to swear before the Blessed Crucifix on the high altar that I restored to Jehan the money he accuses me of; will the proof content you?'

There is a universal assent, and the Bishop decrees that the oath shall at once be taken.

The procession forms, and slowly enters the cathedral from the long vaulted passage that connects the Chapter-house with it. The church is full of the excited townsmen and women of Quimper. Francoise walks as close as she can to her husband.

And now they stand before the high alter; Logonna and Kergrist are side by side, and, after some moments of solemn prayer, the Bishop mounts the steps and stretches out his hands toward the crucifix; presently he beckons Logonna forward.

Olivier turns to his neighbor: 'Hold this for me,' he whispers, and he hands Jehan the stick he has been walking with; then he, too, mounts the steps of the alter.

'Swear,' the Bishop says, and there is a breathless hush. The population of Quimper have thronged into the Cathedral, but there is no sound; in the deep stillness Francoise hears the throbbing of her heart.

'I swear,' Olivier says—how feeble his voice sounds!—'that I restored to my friend and neighbor Jehan Kergrist the money which he says I have received from him. I swear it on this holy symbol.'

Ah, what is that! He stretches out his hand and touches the crucifix; the feet of the holy image loosen from the cross—a drop of blood falls—another, and then another.

Jehan's horror overmasters him; he lets fall the stick and reels against Father Felix, who stands near him and Francoise. There is a chink of metal, and lo! the staff has broken and from it has poured the stolen treasure, the precious deposit of Jehan Kergrist.

There is a pause, a deep hush, and then a groan rises from the assembled people; the Bishop waves his hand to motion Logonna from the altar which he has profaned.

But he stands immovable, and they seize him and drag him away; he bursts into a shriek—he does not resist, but laughs and mocks at them with the gestures of an idiot. The awful judgment had taken away his reason.

In one of the side chapels of the fair Cathedral of St. Corentin, there is over the altar the representation of this legend, and of the crime of Logonna of Quimper.—*Belgravia.*

The San Francisco *Alta California* tackles the popular prejudice against millionnaires in this plucky style: What is a millionnaire in our state? He is a man of exceptional industry, economy and capacity for business. Usually he is a man noted for his probity, general intelligence and kindness of disposition. He is a good neighbor, a respectable citizen and a gentleman. If the list of California millionnaires were carefully examined, it would be found that a majority belong to this class. They may turn a deaf ear to beggars, and be very reserved toward most of their acquaintances, but they have good reasons for their demeanor. They have found that their charity and their civility to strangers have been abused, and they are compelled, for self-protection, to put on a cold deportment. Their accumulation has enriched, not impoverished, the community. It is much better for the general public that they have saved a large part of their earnings or profits.

Beaconsfield's face does not seem to lend itself to emotion, but those who stood near him say his lips trembled and his voice faltered as he began to speak to the great crowd which followed him to his home on his return to London.

From Chambers's Journal.

TWO HEARTS.

Suggested by the picture "In Memorian."

In the sunlight, darling, dancing,
Birds amid the green leaves glancing,
Gaily sing:
In the balmy air entrancing,
Breathes the Spring.

'Tis the dearest hour of daytime;
In the merry, merry, Maytime,
Who'd be sad?
Nature revels in her playtime;
All is glad.

Who is this that cometh slowly?
'Tis a maiden meek and lowly;
In her eyes,
Look of resignation holy
Shadowy lies.

Heeds she not the golden gleaming
Of the sunlight softly streaming
Through the leaves:
Still her soul is darkly dreaming;
Still she grieves.

He her heart to win had striven;
She her heart to him had given;
Hope hath fled—
Heart from heart for aye is riven:
He is dead.

Mid the cruel cannon's rattle,
Passed his soul forth in the battle—
Soul that cried
To Heaven for her from the battle
Ere he died.

On the day when, heavy-hearted,
He had from his love departed
For the fray,
While each heart with sorrow smarted—
On that day

He had left a little token,
That if earthly ties were broken,
On the tree
Tender tie, though all unspoken,
Still might be.

He had carved two hearts united—
Sign of troth and promise plighted:
Sign that they
True will be till death-benighted,
Come what may.

He in each heart—sign that never
Time shall one from other sever—
Graved each name;
Sign that they will be forever
Still the same.

Daily comes she here to borrow
Short relief from sorest sorrow,
Partial peace,
Till when on her life's to-morrow
Grief shall cease.

So she dreams of heavenly meeting,
Years her lost love's tender greeting
Mid the blest,
Where beyond these troubles fleeting,
There is rest.

Hearts which here were disunited,
Hearts whose hopes on earth were blighted,
On that shore
Rest, in perfect peace delighted,
Evermore.

GODWIN AND MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

Godwin's first impression of her was not a pleasing one. He wished to hear Tom Paine talk, who was also of the party, and always a silent man, and he thought she talked too much. He was also an extremely fastidious critic, and had been offended at some slight verbal inaccuracies, or what seemed to him such, in her earlier works. But after reading the *Letters from Norway*, his views about her culture were wholly altered. He saw that the blemishes if indeed they had existed, were but superficial, and he speedily yielded to the charm which all who knew her recognized. She, on her side, found that she could love again, and an attachment was soon understood between them, though not at once declared to the world. Godwin writes of this period: "The partiality we conceived for each other was in that mode which I have always considered as the purest and most refined style of love. It grew with equal advances in the mind of each. It would have been impossible for the most minute observer to have said who was before and who was after. One sex did not take the priority which long-established custom has awarded it, nor the other overstep that delicacy which is so severely imposed. I am not conscious that either party can assume to have been the agent or the patient, the toil-spreader or the prey in the affair. When in the course of things the disclosure came their was nothing in a manner for either party to disclose to the other. There was no period of throes and resolute explanation attendant on the tale. It was friendship melting into love." The relation into which they now entered was an extremely happy one. Both held the same views on marriage, yet both felt the need of being inconsistent. It should be in their opinion apart from and independent of forms, yet for the sake of the child who was to be born, and for the sake of society the ceremony took place at Old St. Pancras Church on March 29, 1797. It was characteristic of Godwin that he did not notice the circumstance in his minute and careful diary so wholly did he regard it as superfluous, the marriage having been binding on his heart and conscience long before. And now Mary Wollstonecraft had a season of real calm in her stormy life. Godwin for once only in his life was stirred by a real passion, and his admiration for his wife equaled his affection. The very slight clouds which arose now and then were of a transient character, and sprang from Mary Wollstonecraft's excessive sensitiveness and eager quickness of temper. These were, perhaps, occasionally tried by Godwin's confirmed bachelor habits, and also by the fact that he took *au pied de la lettre* all that she had said about the independence of women, when, in truth, she leaned a good deal on the aid of others. In some respects she was content to acquiesce in his bachelor ways; they adopted a singular device for their uninterrupted student life. Godwin's strong view of the possibility that people may weary of being always together led him to take rooms in a house about 20 doors from that in the Polygon, Somers Town, which was their joint home. To this study he repaired as soon as he rose in the morning, rarely even breakfasting at the Polygon, and here also he often slept. Each was engaged in his and her own literary occupations, and they seldom met, unless they walked out together, till dinner-time each day. "We agreed also," says Godwin, "in condemning the notion that his wife cannot visit in mixed society but in company with each other, and we rather sought occasions of deviating from than in complying with this rule." When the marriage was declared, some time after it had taken place, it was cordially received by all but Mrs. Inchbald, one of Godwin's oldest friends. All else, the Lambs, Holcroft, Mrs. Revely, Mr. Johnson, found that they had gained two friends if they had only one before, that the marriage had brought out the higher qualities of each. But the brighter life was to last but a short time. In five months after the marriage was declared it ended unexpectedly and tragically. Mary had suffered so little when Fanny was born that she was, perhaps, imprudent before the birth of her next child. Mary Godwin, afterward Mrs. Shelly, was born at 11:20, Aug. 30, 1797. At first all seemed going on well, but fever set in, and in spite of the most untiring cure of Dr. Fordice, Sir Anthony Carlisle, and tender nurses among her friends, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin died on Sept. 10, at 8:20 in the morning.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

TRAIT OF POPE LEO XIII.—When the present Pope was Bishop of Perugia, he received information that one of the *cures* in his diocese was so enthusiastic a sportsman as to neglect his parochial duties for the sake of shooting. Unwilling to believe so grave a charge on mere hearsay, the bishop ordered his carriage very early on Sunday morning, and drove into the village where the alleged Nimrod had the cure of souls. He found the villagers all assembled before the church, and when he inquired why they did not enter, he was told that they where waiting for the *curato*, who had gone out shooting. The bishop immediately attired himself in his robes and celebrated mass, and, as the *curato* had not returned, Pecci left his card at his house and drove off. Of course the next morning the poor man appeared at Perugia, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. The bishop said:—"I ought to reprove you severely, and possibly suspend you altogether, but I will be satisfied if you will take a solemn oath to do what I ask." Of course the terrified *curato* said he was ready to swear to anything. "Very well," said the bishop; "then give me your sacred promise that next time you want to go out shooting on a Sunday or holiday, you will let me know the day before, so that I may take your place in church, and that your parishoners may not be deprived of their regular service.'

A SHARP PAIR.—A nice yong man employed in the Kansas Pacific office resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measurement and went into one of the fashionable stores on Main street and purchased a $2 pair of shoes. In order to make the present appear valuable, he marked $5 upon the soles of the shoes, and at his request the clerk put a receipted bill for $5 into one of the shoes. The presentation was made, and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel! The girl examined the shoes in the daylight and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of shoes at that price. She decided to go and change the shoes and get a better bargain. Yesterday she appeared in the store and selected a pair of shoes, price $3.50, and politely requested the clerk to take back the shoes for which she said her lover had paid $5. The receipted bill was produced in proof, and the boot man found it impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her $3.50 pair of shoes and obtained $1.50 in money, and went home happy and satisfied. The boot seller sent a bill for $3 to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl a little too smart for him.—*Kansas City Times.*

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

Thursday, August 8, 1878.

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3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing, and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

—The Treasury has called in $5,000,000 more of the five twenties of 1865, leaving but $20,000,000, of that issue uncalled.

—The President's sons are at the homestead in Fremont, Ohio. Numerous improvements are being made this summer to the mansion and grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are expected to make a brief visit there in a few weeks.

—Senator Bruce does not propose to leave Mississippi and settle in Ohio at the expiration of his term in the Senate. On the contrary, he will return to the former State, and devote his time and energies to the interests to the colored people.

—The enormous crops this season will practically inflate the currency by causing a demand for it and setting it in motion. The resumption of specie payments will still further inflate it by adding $200,000,000 in gold to the circulation.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Assistant Postmaster-General Tyner tried, while in Paris, to ascertain from General Grant himself whether he was a candidate for a third term. The most direct answer he could get was this: "I was heartily tired of public life, and have no desire to enter again upon it."

—Kansas claims to be the banner State for grain this year, good judges estimating that it will send fully 45,000,000 bushels of wheat to market, or about 50 per cent. above the largest yield heretofore in any one State, California having had the honor so far, with a crop of 30,000,000 bushels.

—One of the curiosities of the Paris Exposition is the smallest book that ever was printed in any language—a marvel of typography. It is a microscopic copy of Dante's "Divine Comedia," printed in Padua, and bound in red velvet and silver, and so small that it may be worn as a charm hanging from a watch-chain. A microscope is needed to read it.

—The fast line express train on the Pan-Handle Railroad ran into a freight train near Steubenville, Ohio, early on Wednesday morning, and was almost entirely wrecked. Fifteen persons were killed and fifty were wounded. The passenger train was behind time. Many of the killed and wounded were emigrants. In a railway accident in Massachusetts yesterday three persons were killed and one wounded.

—On Saturday last Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury had the highest possible public honors paid them that the great city of London has in its power to bestow, and one of very unfrequent occurrence. They received the "Freedom of the City," with all the imposing ceremonies attending such an event. In the evening a grand banquet was given to them at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding. There was present a brilliant company, including most of the Ministers. In his speech Lord Beaconsfield reviewed the events connected with the formation of the late treaty, in which he expressed the belief that it had secured a durable peace, for the reason that all the Powers had assented and were satisfied.

—When Mr. Northrup, the present United States Attorney for South Carolina, was before the Senate for confirmation, he was bitterly assailed in executive session on the ground of inexperience, incapacity and personal unfitness for that important position. He was, however, confirmed by a small majority. A report is now current that the Administration is thoroughly convinced of its mistake in appointing Mr. Northrup, and has decided to remove him, and appoint Special Counsel W. E. Earl, who has been so vigilant in the revenue cases in South Carolina. Mr. Northrup is represented as being very unpopular with the bar, and it is said that it is a rule rather than an exception for him to lose his cases.

—The South Carolina Democrats met in convention last week, and renominated Governor Hampton and the present State officers. The platform consisted mainly of abuse of the Republicans of that State, which all must admit has been richly deserved, and of pledges what the Democrats will do if the government is entrusted to them. Of these promises the following are a sample: "If the government of the State is committed to our control, we pledge ourselves to protect the persons, rights and property of all its people, and speedily bring to summary justice any who dare violate them." And: "Our object is reform, retrenchment and relief, that by honesty and economy we may reduce the taxes and lighten the burden of the people, giving at the same time absolute security and protection to the rights and property of all."

—Z. L. White, the well known Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing of the new party movement and its prospects says: "One of the most remarkable and alarming features of the National Greenback movement is the early activity and persistent dilligence of its leading men. The new party is everywhere first in the field, and while the husbandmen of the old political organizations have slept, the enemy has been sowing the tares of inflation and repudiation in the unoccupied ground. Every Pennsylvanian with whom I have talked, whether a Republican or a Democrat, has borne witness to the early activity of the Nationals in the section of the State in which he resides. In Allegheny County the Greenbackers had their ticket early in the field, and their candidates have been for weeks upon the stump. The new party has assumed very formidable proportions in Pittsburgh. It cast 6,000 votes there last year, and nobody seems to know what to expect of it in the election of next November. Prominent Democrats say that they anticipate more trouble from it than from the Republicans, and I don't think those with whom I have conversed feel very sanguine of success. I believe, in fact, that they would not be much disappointed if a Greenbacker should be elected to Congress from the Allegheny District. There has been some misunderstanding among the Republicans of Pittsburgh, which is hoped will be satisfactorily arranged; if it is not, there is little chance of their making a successful contest. The certainty that the next Legislature of Pennsylvania, which is to choose a United States Senator in the place of Mr. Cameron, will contain a considerable number of Nationals, and the possibility that they will hold the balance of power, makes the contest in that State an exceedingly interesting one."

—Major E. A. Burke has been nominated by the Louisiana Democrats for State Treasurer.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 5, 1878.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—"All quiet on the Potomac." This response to the query for news is as apropos now as during the war. We however have recently passed through a state of internal war but are now at peace among ourselves. Since the weather has been warm enough to permit a crowd to stand upon a sidewalk to be harangued by any jackanapes with sufficient sense to open his mouth; a set of travelling agitators has been constantly firing the minds of our unemployed and hoodlums with all manner of incendiary utterances. Chief among them is one Cohen, a German Jew, who in broken English has continually inveighed against capital and the wrongs it has done the laboring man until he has succeeded in surrounding himself with a horde of thieves and shoulder hitters as dangerous as man dare to be. Recently the contractors for excavating the foundations of the Bureau of Engraving building began work with laborers hired at 75 cents per day. At this Cohen lead his mob against these men and with threats of violence and death, and cries of "$1.50 a day," drove all of them away from their job. Notices were posted that no man should, under penalty of death, be allowed to work for less than $1.50 a day, and a perfect pandemonium reigned until the police were massed, and by vigorous resort to clubs, pistols, and charges on horseback, succeeded in dispersing the rioters and arresting the ringleaders, Cohen among the others. When imprisoned, he wilted, and in perfect keeping with his past character which led him into plucking poor men of their pennies for his daily subsistence, lost all his bragadocia, and whimpered like a whipped truant school boy. The Police Judge fined him $5 and dismissed him. We presume after a few days of liberation and further filching of pennies from his followers he will be as blatant as ever. It is settled here by this case that men may work for whatever sum they can get, and we have hundreds who would gladly accept 75 cents a day for their labor if such plug uglies as Cohen and his mob would permit.

Though all is quiet on the Potomac at this writing, yet we are not as much assured of its continuance as we were when grand reviews and grander promises were the order of the day in 1861 and '62. This fellow Cohen is of low squat unprepossessing appearance, of coarse, offensive address, and wears shabby filthy clothing. The Germans, Israelites, and Trades Unions disown him, and he seems the veriest outcast, fit only for stratagem and spoils. He says he left Germany because he could not talk treason and violence on the sidewalks.

Schuetzenfest was completely stopped at its opening by the heavy rains which barred all outdoors sports, but the succeeding calm weather enabled the Germans to turn out as only can the patriotic beer-loving German. He takes his wife and children every year with him to this souvenir of his faderland, as religiously as the Jew of old took himself and family to the Passover, and the offerings of lager in one case, are as fervent and devout as were the offerings of the lamb or the first fruits in the other. This is the week for camp meetings, and it is rarely that they, in combination with Schuetzenfest, do not give us a rainy season like the one just over. The Potomac was nearly as high as last December, but subsided without doing much damage.

One of our citizens, Columbia Alexandria, of whom we wrote last week, always has an eye open for the main chance. He refuses to pay his taxes from principle, and resists payment to the last, and this obstinacy made him quite a thorn in the side of the lawyers who are so glib by swallowing down the remains of the Jay Cooke estate, so they bought him off by paying face value for his claim which, principal and interest amounted to about $13,030. Our people are asking the Commissioners why he should receive in full, when they must be content with a five per cent. dividend, and tendered lawyers bills covering the remainder. The failure fell heavily upon our people, for there were many sufferers who lost their all, and it gives no comfort that a curbstone broker and money shaver should be made an exception. D. D.

—A sad and distressing accident occurred about 1:15 Sunday afternoon, at Philadelphia, during a slight rain storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. At Diamond street and Ridge avenue, there is a tent erected for religious services, and, at the time of the storm, there were about twelve children and two gentlemen under the canvas. Some of the children had sought shelter under the tent, while the others were scholars of the Sunday school. The centre pole of the tent, near which the children were seated, was struck by lightning, and the current passing down, struck Mary Ann Elfrey, ten years old, who was leaning against the pole, killing her instantly. Her brother William, who was near by, was thrown violently to the ground, and so severely injured that his life is despaired of. Willie Burns, another little boy, was badly injured, and another named Willie Adams received injuries which, it is feared, will prove fatal. The lightning tore the shoes off from his feet. The doctor thinks he is permanently deaf. All the other children were thrown down and stunned. The gentlemen present were C. H. Wilson and H. Conners. The latter was thrown from one side of the tent to the other, but, strange to say was not injured. Mr. Wilson was thrown violently upon his face, but received no serious injury. The lightning ignited the contents of a coal oil lamp, which in turn set fire to some hay, and from this the tent caught fire. The flames, however, were quickly extinguished by persons outside, who entered and rescued the children. Had the accident occurred an hour later there would have been over one hundred children in the tent.

—The Chinese Embassy which arrived at San Francisco ten days ago, numbers forty-five persons, including servants. The Ambassador, Chun Lan Pin, is of high rank in China, being Lieutenant-Governor of the Imperial household. He was Imperial Commissioner to the United States in 1875, and has also been a Commissioner to England and Spain. His own suite consists of twenty-two persons. His mission to this country is to establish consulates and to transact minor diplomatic business. He will present his credentials at Washington, have the consuls recognized, and then go to Spain and Peru to establish consulates there. Sit Ming Cook, who will be installed as Consul at San Francisco, is remarkably courteous and intelligent, having received a thorough education at New-Bedford, Mass. He speaks English without hesitation, and with no accent. His amiability is unusual, and he was a favorite on the voyage. Yet Yuan Tsun, the Consul-General, is also of high station.

—The late Whiting Street, the rich octogenarian of Holyoke, Mass., willed $106,000 to that place and twenty-one adjacent towns, the income of which is to be used for the benefit of the worthy poor who are not town paupers. He was worth half a million. An acquaintance, while urging him one day to become his own almoner, said: "Mr. Street, now you cannot in all probability live more than twelve years. Lay by $100,000 of your money, enough to put you beyond the possibility of want all your days, and then spend the rest in such charities as you see fit." "No," said Mr. Street, "I shall leave that for others, and if they enjoy spending it as much as I did getting it, I shall be glad."

—In the chimney of one of the cars of the Burlington and Lamoille Railroad is a bird's nest containing two eggs. The train leaves Cambridge junction on its daily trips at noon, and gets back again at 6½, and during that time the mother remains at the junction, returning to the nest as soon as the car comes.

BEDFORD SPRINGS.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, July 30, 1878.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Having arrived late at night at this well known summer resort, I was shown to a room by one of the good natured Sons of Ham, whom I afterwards discovered to be "he of the Boots." He led me away from the main Hotel, to a low two story frame building which stands directly across the valley. My first impression was that "boots" had made a mistake and taken me to a mammoth hen roost, but no! it was indeed the place where I was to spend the next few days. The building is denominated Crockford and was built by Noah (?) a few years after he landed from the Ark. The only thing that has been done to save it from the ravages of time, is a coat of whitewash applied about the year 1801. My room was in the second story which was reached by a rickety flight of stairs upon the outside of the building extending from the lower to the upper piazza. Care must be taken in ascending this stairway, not to rub off any of the whitewash as it will not get another coat for some years to come. I followed "boots" along the upper piazza, until he passed into a room placed a candle upon the stand and departed leaving me to my own reflections. The first glance told me I was fortunate I had a carpet: It was a rag one. Now I submit that a rag carpet makes a good covering for a floor, provided it is not too ancient—but let that pass, there was only two breadths of it anyhow. The washstand was a board hinged to the partition and supported by one leg; the partitions were made of inch boards, and shook upon the slightest interference. The situation of the room could not be surpassed, for from it I could see into four other apartments—into the adjoining rooms through cracks an inch wide in the partition, and above and below through openings in the ceiling and floor. The door was too short by about an inch, which gave plenty of ventilation without the necessity of having the windows raised. The bed fortunately was a good one.

Was the room painted? No! The paint keg was empty long before they reached Crockford, and even the whitewash run out ere they came to No. 132, some few of the rooms are plastered, but 132 is not one of them. I went upon a voyage of discovery after a hook, whereupon to hang my coat, and finally came across half a dozen ten penny nails driven into the craggy partition.

From this somewhat minute description, you can gain some idea of what Crockford is like. The main Hotel is a three story brick structure with two annexes, one of stone, the other frame, running in a line down the narrow valley. The accommodations in these are rather better than in Crockford, but you see everywhere the same reckless regard for what man calls comfort. The rooms are small and poorly furnished, the walls rough and unpapered. The bill of fare is not what you would naturally expect to find in a summer resort of the reputation of this place, although it will pass if not scrutinized too closely. There is an air of independence about everything, and every attachee of the place from the proprietor down to "boots" who proudly informed me that he was from Baltimore. If you are not satisfied with the place or any of its officials, you are immediately informed when the next train leaves, and recommended to take it for some other part of Creation.

It is with pleasure that we turn from the building to its surroundings, which are indeed most beautiful. Truly has Alex McClure of the *Times* said of this place, "Nature has done everything while man has done nothing for it." The valley in which the hotel is situated is narrow and deep, a small stream running at the bottom of it a little distance in front of the hotel. Just across this stream is the main or Mineral Spring. The principal solid constituents of this water according to a published analysis is Magnesium Sulphate (Epsom Salts) the rest being made up of combinations of Lime, Soda, Iron and Carbolic Acid. Within a few feet of this spring is a covered platform, used as a place for exercise. The custom of the guests is to visit this spring before breakfast, get a drink and then walk this platform for half an hour. I stood watching these walkers for a few minutes, and then came to the conclusion that if these people had taken the same amount of exercise every morning at home, they would not have been compelled to visit these Springs, at any rate to regain health and strength.

Both sides of the valley are steep hills. The one upon the right of the stream has a zigzag pathway leading up the side to its summit from whence can be obtained a magnificent view directly down the valley.

The surroundings are the making of this place, and to them is due its popularity and success. The air is deliciously cool and invigorating, and you can retire at night with the satisfaction of knowing that you can obtain a good night's rest without molestation from that intimate friend of mankind—the mosquito. The house was well filled with guests. The people dress more for comfort than show, and fashion has no very firm hold upon the place.

Although the accommodations are so poor, they are more than overbalanced by the pleasant situation and surroundings, and it was with regret that I took my departure homeward.

About a mile and a half from the Springs hotel, is the town of Bedford, as beautiful a place as you often come across. One thing that strikes you upon entering it is the predominence of substantial houses, Comparatively few frame ones are to be found.

The borough wears a home-like air about it, and the major part appears to be of recent build. It is nicely laid out in squares, and contains a Court House, and eight or nine churches. The population is about 3000.

At this place I took the morning train bound for Philadelphia, which place I reached after a a dusty ride of a little over nine hours.

STYX.

—Walter H. Shupe, the editor the National Greenback organ, the *Advocate*, was arrested for debt, in New York the other day. He testified that instead of owning the paper he publishes he holds but one five dollar share in it, and receives but $20 a week for his services, and that this constitutes all the property has in the world. Commenting on this the Mount Holly *Mirror* says: "This fellow when in Mount Holly boasted that he had already made $70,000 by his business in New York, which he said he had laid aside for a rainy day. Did he lie in court to escape the payments of debts, or did he lie to the Mount Holly brethren for effect? Two Mount Holly gentlemen have told us the $70,000 story. Guess the New York Convention got Walter's true measure."

—A story comes from Mr. Stephens' canvass in Georgia, too good to be lost. As it goes, Mr. Stephens, being somewhat feeble, is in the habit of keeping up his strength while speaking with an occasional pull at a flask, which he carries in his pocket and which is supposed to contain whisky. Recently he was indulging in one of his fervid flights in praise of the principles of the immortal Jefferson. At the close of a glowing period, feeling exhausted, he drew the flask and took a draught, and as he replaced it in his pocket said, with emphasis, "Yes, fellow citizens, this is true Democracy." The hit was so palpable that he was greeted with shouts of applause.

—A Spanish lady of high degree has been arrested in a hotel at Auteuil on charge of being concerned in a bank robbery. Her name is Mme. Baldomara; her age is fifty-five; and in 1875 she opened a bank in Madrid, and paid such enormously high rate of interest that she soon had heaps of money in her tills. She paid the interest regularly for several months, but one morning in May, 1876, she disappeared, leaving a deficit of over a million reals. Since then the police have searched for her in vain till the other day, when she was found living with her sister in the Parc des Princes.

NEWS ITEMS.

—The sail boat Nautilus, which crossed the Atlantic, has proceeded to Havre.

—California's wheat crop is remarkable. She expects to realize an increase of $20,000,000 on the receipts of last year.

—Twelve clergymen are said to have withdrawn from the Church of England within a month to join the Church of Rome.

—Rarus is the most promising horse on the race course in this country.—At Cleveland he trotted against time three heats in 2.14½ 2.15, 2.14.

—Hereafter at the St. Louis Morgue the bodies are to be placed in caskets into which air will be forced at such a low temperature that the corpse will be frozen.

—The back yards of some of the premises on Dorrance street have lately been visited by tramps, and petty thieving of clothing and eatibles has been the result.

—Fox's Theatre was sold by the Sheriff on Monday for $75,000, to satisfy a mortgage of $62,530,96. The property was purchased by Henry H. Murrell, of New York.

—An Irish belle has surprised London with a dress composed of thirty-nine of the blue and white silk handkerchiefs so fashionable at present, with parasol and hat to match.

—The Pope made quite a sensation in Rome the other day by remarking to the new administrator for the Diocese of Perugia; "I hope to pay you a visit; keep me a lodging ready."

—The Pope made quite a sensation in Rome the other day by remarking to the new administrator for the Diocese of Perugia: "I hope to pay you a visit; keep me a lodging ready."

—The Anti-Fat Remedy is being extensively advertised. A fat person writes to the *Agriculturist* that he took some of the remedy, and instead of losing flesh, gained ten pounds in one week.

—There is a general suspension of mining operations in the Schuylkill region, continuing until the 5th of August, after which time it is thought there will be steady work during the balance of the shipping season.

—A tramp a few days ago begged a piece of bread at the house of a prominent citizen of Erie, Pa. When the proprietor came to the door he recognized a former oil prince, whose business capital lately was $200,000.

—The English Post-Office Department wanted a few women clerks, and advertised for them—applicants to call between 10 A. M. and noon. Three thousand women put in an appearance, and the streets were blockaded for two hours.

—Five men at Point des Monts, below Quebec, have died from eating clams. During the intense heat a few days ago the shore was covered with dead salt-water trout and eels, which the thrifty people of Trinity Bay have salted down for their winter's consumption.

—The Democrats of Des Moines, Ia., have nominated the candidate already put in the field by the Nationals. He received twenty-three votes. Twelve delegates refused to vote while one cast his ballot for Andrew Jackson and there were two votes for Eliza Pinkston.

—The officers of a Jewish synagogue were recently arrested at Manchester, Eng., charged with cruelty to a bullock, in slaughtering it by the Hebrew method of allowing it to bleed to death. Professional witnesses testified that this method was not cruel, and the case was dismissed.

—Paris green, used by a farmer in his potato field, came near destroying a picnic party near Ottawa. They had their luncheon spread on a grassy plot in an adjoining field, and the wind blew a quantity of the poison over the eatables. At one time it was thought that not one of the party would recover.

—The Republican State Committee will begin a thorough canvass of the State in the middle of September next. The ablest speakers of the party will address the people in township and county meetings. The campaign will be prosecuted with the utmost zeal and energy with the assurance of success.

—A base-ball match has been played between 2,210 pounds of the population of Guleph, Ont., and 2,167 pounds of prominent citizens of Hamilton, the former making thirty-four waddles, while the latter could only pant round the diamond seventeen times. The base-path was worn deep into the ground, like a buffalo track.

—Hunter, the Camden murderer, has been removed from the "murderer's cage" to an iron cased cell adjacent to that of Grahame. The new quarters are lined with sheet-iron and are considered safe. Hunter the other day told his day guard that he was tired of being gazed at by idly curious people. "I'm not a wild animal, though in a cage," said he.

—One of the boldest robberies on record was perpetrated in New York, on Saturday last, upon Mr. C. H. Stone, who had drawn from bank $2950 with which to pay the hands in Hale's piano factory, 500 West 34th street. It was done by four men in a butcher's cart, one of whom jumped out, and coming behind Mr. S. attempted to choke him. The others then fell upon him and the money bag was secured. This was in broad daylight, and only an "express boy" was within sight. The robbers escaped.

—The wine-merchants of Pepys's day were a credulous folk and easily deceived, to judge from this extract from his immortal diary: "Mr. B. told me how, being with some others at Bordeaux, making a bargain with another man at a tavern for some clarets, they did hire a fellow to thunder (which he had the art of doing upon a deale board) and to rain and hail—that is, make the noise of—so as did give them a pretense of undervaluing their merchant's wines by saying this thunder would spoil and turn them. Which was so reasonable to the merchant that he did abate 2 pistolls per ton for the wine in belief of that."

—Some students at Kieff, while walking in the woods with their professor, discovered the body of a girl of thirteen hanging to a tree. They succeeded in cutting the rope and applying restoratives before life was extinct, but they were interrupted in their humane work by the monks of a monastery of the Greek church near by, who declared that the girl had been put to death because she was possessed of a demon. An investigation has proved that the child belonged to an honorable family, and that the monks had attempted to kill her to conceal the fact that one of their number had debauched her.

—The Easton *Sentinel* says that "whilst Sheriff Young and Prison Physician Seip were at the State lunatic asylum at Harrisburgh last week, they had an interview with Allen C. Laros. He recognized the doctor, and in the conversation which followed he said he never felt better in his life, weighed more now than ever before, and that he liked it very much at the asylum. His talk was very sensible and rational. In reply to the question from Dr. Seip he said he had felt no pain or distress in his head for a long time. His keepers speak very well of him, and his behavior. In his cell are a a number of fancy articles and toys which he has cut from wood."

—John B. Gough was entertained at a garden party at Westminster on the 22d ult., the American Minister being among the guests and speakers. He thought temperance advocates should strive to raise the women, who would elevate the men. Mr. Gough goes to Switzerland in search of recreation, and his first public lecture will be given in Spurgeon's tabernacle on September 24. He will also make four addresses in Exeter Hall, and will then visit the principle towns, such as Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., delivering altogether thirty or forty lectures before he returns to the Continent to winter in Rome and Naples.

—The case of Peter Wending, the Lebanon man who never perspires, heretofore mentioned in the *Reading Eagle*, was fully described by Dr. J. H. Mease, of Lebanon, in the *Dental Times*, in 1871, as follows: "Mr. Wending is about thirty-eight years of age. He never had teeth developed in his jaws, but his gums are very hard and resisting. Over the alveolar ridges they seem to be almost a callus, or bone foundation, enabling him to masticate the hardest substances most readily. He is also destitute of the sense of taste and smell, and yet be is not without a choice as to food and drink, arising I suppose, from certain stomachic excitements produced by his favorite articles. He is a great lover of beer and oysters; but as to the latter, he knows no difference between a bad and a good one—eating the putrid as eagerly as the fresh. He never perceives (and is, therefore, perfectly happy in the atmosphere of) offensive odors. The skin over his entire body is dry and raspy, and utterly devoid of sebaceous glands and hair follicles, with the exception of a small portion of his face, where a few wiry hairs have straggled into daylight. The suderiferous glands and their ducts are also wanting, a circumstance which causes him much suffering during the summer season more particularly when the weather is warm and the atmosphere dry. He then, for the sake of comfort—and perhaps preservation of life itself—must cover himself with wet clothing and resort to the damp cellar. Here he sleeps, laying on the bare earth. When the writer of this was but a boy this anomalous being was in his father's employ on the farm and this peculiarity was often a terrible annoyance to myself and others, as we were obliged to relieve his agony from heat by running for water and pouring bucket upon bucket over his writhing form. Well do I remember his 'Ah! you stayed; that water is not cold—you played!' when we happened to be a little longer than he thought we ought to be. On these occasions his symptoms were those of asphyxiation; otherwise he is apparently possessed of good health, These conditions seem to be partly hereditary on the maternal side, since his mother had a brother with nearly similar defects though the man himself is the only one out of a family of nineteen to whom these imperfections have been transmitted. He is also the father of seven healthy children, in whom not a trace of his own misfortune is to be found. Upon the whole, the case of Mr. W. may be ranked among the freaks of nature which defy explanation."

—Two residents of Dayton, Ohio, were married in Chicago on the 1st inst., under somewhat romantic circumstances. Their names were Philip F. Wareham and Sarah Williams, and their story is thus told in a telegram to the Cincinnati *Commercial*: "Wareham, a few months ago, received a pardon from Gov. Young and was liberated from the Penitentiary after an inprisonment of seven years. He had been convicted of murder in the first degree having in a quarrel in which he was involved in Cincinnati, in August, 1869, stabbed and killed David Kirby. Both men were from Dayton, and Wareham's relatives were members of the Catholic Church, and very wealthy. He had been leading a dissipated life, but was betrothed to Miss Williams, who remained firm in the belief of his unintentional guilt. Some of the best counsel in the State were engaged on the case, and every effort was made by Wareham's relatives to save him. George E. Pugh made one of his strongest speeches in Wareham's behalf to the jury. The verdict found him guilty, but he was sentenced to imprisonment for life instead of death. Since then the efforts of Miss Williams have been untiring and ceaseless to procure further mitigation of the sentence. Petitions were presented successfully to Govs. Hayes, Allen, Hayes, (in second term,) and finally to Gov. Young. She herself endeavored by personally interceding to procure his release and was successful at last, nine years after the crime had been committed. She is a woman of 28 years, attractive, but modest and retiring in manner, He was 21 when the murder was committed, and is now 30. Nine years of close confinement has changed him for the better."

—A Frenchman named Courtade has found a new way to pay back rent. He had been sued for arrears and threatened with expulsion. He insisted that the judge, the clerk, the bailiff and the landlord should examine the premises. These four men with the landlord's wife entered the yard together and the tenant told them he was willing to pay up, only he wanted an extra grange and the well. He said, "I'll go and fetch the agreement," and went into the the house. He brought back two guns and a pistol. "Now," he said, "we are on the battle-field, We must all die here. These are for you—this for me." And he pointed to the arms in his hands. "Come, come," said the judge kindly, "this is childishness. Put down those arms." Courtade fired, and the landlord and the judge fell dead where they had stood. The clerk and the bailiff followed next. The landlord's wife ran into the house and locked the door. Courtade followed her and fired through the window. She had a child in her arms. Both fell. He then walked quietly to his own place and shut himself up. The house was soon surrounded. He tried to kill himself, but did not succeed. The four men in the yard were dead. The woman, thanks to her presence of mind, escaped. Courtade tried to appear mad, but did not deceive the doctors. He is terribly afraid of dying now. He hopes to have the sentence of death commuted to hard labor for life.

—A family was murdered in a Welsh village two weeks ago. A farm laborer named Watkins, with his wife and three children, aged, eight, six and four, lived in a small cottage on a lonely part of the high road near Usk. A boy who went to their house saw the dead bodies of the man and his wife in the yard. The house was on fire in two places, and in a room up stairs the three children were found dead, stabbed, and also severely burned. A hedge-stake, besmeared with blood, was found in the house. The murders are believed to have been committed by tramps, as some articles of clothing were stolen. A Spanish sailor named Garcia has been arrested on a charge of murdering the family. The driver of a mail cart had seen him on the road early in the morning. He looked as if he had been engaged in a severe struggle, his face, hands, and arms being bloody and scratched. Some of his clothing was wet, as if it had been washed, but marks of blood were here and there plainly visible. He had also a large clasp knife, which appeared also to have been washed, and female clothing and several articles of small value.

—The once powerful Kossuth is now poor. In dignified loneliness he cultivates a few flowers, reads a paper, and muses over life's vicissitudes. This statement is copied from the New York *Tribune*: "Kossuth is now really poor. Some one recently wrote to him asking his help in obtaining payment for a large sums of money to which the Hungarian revolutionists became indebted to him in 1848. The ex-dictator, who once boasted that he he held the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg in the hollow of his hand, tells his correspondent with frank but pathetic dignity, that he is absolutely unable, not from lack of will, but from lack of means, 'to render help to you or any man in his distress.' Kossuth expresses his regret that be nation which had taken on itself so many obligations to which it was not bound, should have neglected to pay its lawful debts."—*Philadelphia National.*

—The ruling passion may be strong in prayer. Bishop Whittaker, of Nevada, could find no building in Tybo in which to hold services except a gambling-house, and in response to one of the sentences in Litany an excited worshipper, with his pantaloons stuffed into his boots, cried, "Keno!"

—Two cases of leprosy among the Chinese in San Francisco have given rise to considerable apprehension. One of the lepers was found lying abandoned in the street in the Chinese quarter of the city, and his countrymen passed him by in throngs, refusing to give him relief in any form or to touch him. He was placed by white men in a fruit wagon, from which a load of oranges had just been sold, and was taken to the Chinese hospital, but was there denied admission. He was then taken to the hospital of the city prison. The other leper was discovered in the jail, and was utilized as a lecture specimen by the Academy of Sciences. These cases will show whether the fear of contagion displayed by the countrymen of the sufferers is well founded, for the two wretches were freely handled by the white men. The introduction of leprosy into the Hawaiian Islands has been a great calamity to them, and the possibility of a similar curse to California is not viewed with equanimity. To what extent the disease now exists there among the Chinese is not known, and there is no way of discovering. The mortality returns report nearly all the deaths that occur among them to result from "causes unknown," and a large proportion of them may be owing to this disease. Now that it is known to exist in the city, it becomes important to learn under what conditions it is infectious.

—A boating enthusiast travelled 150 miles to see the late Harvard Yale regatta at New London, but had such a good time with the boys the night before the contest that he overslept the next day and never awoke till three hours after the race had been rowed.

☞ Experience has proven that the best remedy for Colic, Diarrhœa, Teething and other troubles of Infancy is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

☞ YOU CAN BE HAPPY.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.

Special Notices.

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Chemical Test made for purghasers, if desired.

50 Cents per pound.

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S. W. Corner Mill and Cedar Sts.,

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Restorative Remedies.

DR. GLEASON'S LUNG RESTORATIVE is a POSITIVE CURE for Coughs, Colds and early stages of Consumption, Take it in time. Sample bottles, 25 cents.

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DR. GLEASON'S GOLDEN ELIXIR OR UNIVERSAL TONIC, an invaluable and invigorating Tonic for the Cure of all cases of DEBILITY and BROKEN DOWN CONSTITUTIONS.

DR. GLEASON'S SALINE APERIENT Acts on the Kidneys and Cleanses the entire system of all morbid matter, etc. Invaluable Spring Medicine.

DR. GLEASON'S LAXATIVE WAFERS, highly Aromatic, cures HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, Piles, etc. Sample box, 25 Cents.

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Use Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.
The LEADING EXTERNAL SPECIFIC for DISEASES of the SKIN and beautifier of the COMPLEXION; for the Bath, Toilet and Nursery; *is recommended by* PHYSICIANS. SOLD by DRUGGISTS. PRICE 25 Cents box; 3 Cakes, 65 cents.
E. S. WEBSTER, Prop., 50 N. Fifth St., Philadelphia.
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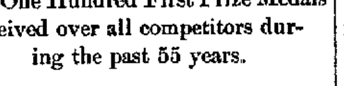
Established and in successful operation since 1860. 62P

Chickering Pianos.



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CARRIAGE & WAGON
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Will COST Nothing

—IF YOU—

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GRAND DEPOT,

Thirteenth St., Market to Chestnut,

"To Shop"

This great store of MR. WANAMAKER

is something like the Centennial Exhibition,

So vast is the Building,
So vast is the variety of Goods,
So vast is crowds of People,
So vast is the stock of Dry Goods,
So vast is the stock of Clothing,
So vast is the stock of Shoes,
So vast is the stock of Hats,
So vast is the stock of Fancy Goods.

A hearty invitation to one and all

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No one is urged to buy,
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No one is dissatisfied,

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No Stairs to Climb,
No Dark Corners,
No impatience in waiting on you.

☞ *The stock in July will be kept up expressly for those who come that month to the city.*

John Wanamaker
GRAND DEPOT,
The Largest Dry Goods Store,
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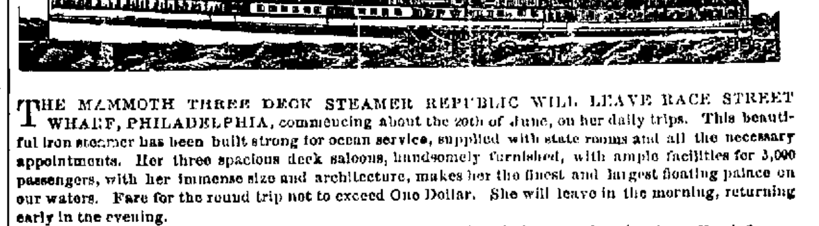

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Friends, Customers, Strangers visiting the city and the public generally, are cordially invited to call and examine the large and varied stock and the very reasonable price at which it is offered.

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A Cordial Invitation

IS extended to the readers of this paper when in Trenton to visit the Jewelry Palace of Messrs.

COOK & JAQUES,
On State Street,
And view their fine display of
Artistic Jewelry,

And choice designs of ladies' and gentlemen's Gold Watches and Chains. Their selection of Roman Gold Neck Chains, Crosses, Lockets, and full Roman setts of Jewelry, Ear Rings, Buttons and Studs are superior to any found in the State. They are of rich designs, and goods that are rare to find. They are constantly adding new and fresh goods to their stock for the Holiday Trade in Clocks, Bronzes for mantle outfits, which make a very beautiful Bridal or Christmas Present, as well as choice peices of Sterling Silver, new and elegant designs of Silver-Plated Wares, Napkin Rings, Pocket Fruit Knives, Tea Spoons, Table Spoons, Forks, and a large variety of Tea, Table and Dessert Knives, and every thing to furnish out a house compliment, including Castors, "Individual Salt Distributors," Soup Ladles, etc. Diamond Rings, and plain 18k. Engagement Rings always on hand. Cook & Jaques ask you to call and look at what they have, and they will try and please you in everything you want, and make prices as low as the quality will allow. Christmas is coming, and we have just what you all want. 89

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Life size Pictures Colored in Water Colors, or Indian Ink.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. 10

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
Edwin Forrest

Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leave Arch st. wharf.			Leave South Trenton.		
Thursday,	8,	7 A. M.	Thursday,	8,	10¼ A.M.
Friday,	9,	8¼ A. M.	Friday,	9,	12¼ P.M.
Saturday,	10,	9¼ A.M.	Saturday,	10,	1¼ P.M.
Monday,	12,	10¼ A. M.	Monday,	12,	2¼ P.M.
Tuesday,	13,	11¼ A. M.	Tuesday,	13,	3¼ P.M.
Wednesday,	14,	12 M.	Wedn'day,	14,	4 P.M.
Thursday,	15,	Don't go.	Thursday,	15,	Don't go.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philad'a to Trenton, 40cts. Excursion, 60 cts.
All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 170

The Steamboat
NELLY WHITE

AFTER having been thoroughly refitted and handsomely painted has resumed her trips between Bordentown and Philadelphia, stopping at the following places: Leaves Bordentown at 7 o'clock A. M.; White Hill, 7.10; Penn's Manor, 7.20; Florence, 7.35; Hazards, 7.40; Bristol, 8.00; Burlington, 8.10; Beverly, 8.30. Returning, leave Philadelphia, Arch street wharf, at 3.30 P. M.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
NEW YORK DIVISION.

Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.
Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:26, 9:39 A. M. 12:26, 3:40, 6:06, and 7:21, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:25, 3:09, 7:04, and 9:56 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:26, and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:56 and 7:04 P. M.

For New York.
At 1:16, 8:23, 9:21, and 11:46 A. M., 2:39, 6:21, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.

For Trenton.
At 8:23, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:39, 2:53, 4:34, 5:14, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 9:53, A. M. and 2:53, 8:17, P. M.

☞ The 8.23, 11.09, 11.47, A. M., 2.53, 4.34, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Trenton.
At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:15, and 10:14 A.M., 12:00 M., 1:05, 2:50, 3:20, 6:45, 6:55, and 9:25 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, 5:00, 6:45, and 9:35 P. M.

From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:40, and 10:15 A. M. 2:10, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.
At 7:25, 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 4:55, and 7:25 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager, L. P. FARMER, Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
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60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

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Take trains from Vine St. Wharf, Philadelphia.

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226

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ON and after Th... Columbia, ... at 7.15 A. M ... Beverly, ... Returnin... Fare, 25...

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, August 8, 1878.

The GAZETTE *has the largest circulation, with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County.*

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 7.00, 8.15, A. M., 3.00, 5.00 and 8.00 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 10.15, A. M., 3.20, 5.15 and 7.45 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 7.30 P. M. Closes 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., 2.30, and 6.30 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS—Close at 8.00, A. M. and 6.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.00 P. M. Closes 8.00 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 5.00 P. M., and close at 8.00 A. M.

MORRISVILLE.—Arrives at 11.00 A. M., and 5.00 and 6.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND OXFORD VALLEY.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

On Sundays, Philadelphia and Western close at 7.15 P. M.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, Postmaster.

SORTS.

—Several of the Lafayette street houses are being repainted.

—Dealers in patent gas burners appear to thrive in Bristol.

—The mason work of the second ward school house is about finished.

—Every day shows the need of a proper system of sewerage for Bristol.

—The life of Charles Sumner, is the latest addition to the Bristol Library.

—The Second Ward has an archery club which is in a flourishing condition.

—Rev Dr. Cunningham, of the Methodist church, is absent on a short vacation.

—Peter E. Hope and his family have returned from several weeks sojourn at Ocean Grove.

—The Washington Cornet band will give open air concerts every other Friday evening.

—E. L. & B. B. Banes have just erected a new engine for the Keystone Fringe Factory.

—The tramps for several nights have made raids on the orchards of the farmers near Bristol.

—Eight new arrivals were welcomed into this world in the second ward, during the past week.

—The Methodist Sunday School will have an excursion to Ocean Grove, Saturday, the 24th of this month.

—Rev. Dr. Raffensberger, of Philadelphia, will preach in the Presbyterian Church next Sabbath.

—On Sunday night 22 tramps lodged under huts made of Railroad ties, piled at the end of Dorrance street.

—Freights and tolls on coal from Mauch Chunk to Bristol are greater than from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia.

—Mr. Symington Phillips declines to allow his name to be used in connection with the Democratic nomination for the Legislature.

—At the meeting of the Bristol Building Association three loans was sold to Thomas Guy at $26.25, and five to William Daniels at $25 premium.

—To-morrow evening at the Grove, the Washington Cornet Band will give an open air concert, for which an attractive programme has been arranged.

—There will be the usual temperance meeting at the Grove on Sunday afternoon. One or two speakers from Philadelphia will be in attendance

—Thomas Callum, of Philadelphia, and a former resident and business man of this place, was buried in the Episcopal graveyard on Monday last.

—The cutting down of Pond street has not resulted in abating the nuisance of Johns' Pond, for the water from Dorrance street still finds its way into it, via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

—During the severe thunder storm last Thursday night the house of J. Merrick Brown was struck by lightning. No damages of any account resulted and nobody was injured.

—A deaf and dumb tramp, with a double thumb on each hand, was seen on the streets last week. He showed his thumbs and charged whatever the beholder was willing to give for the exhibition

—The Sons of St. George and the Red Men turned out in a body this morning to attend the the funeral of Seymour Taylor who was buried in the Episcopal grave yard with all the solemnities of the two orders.

—Miss E. M. Turner who was in attendance upon the summer session of the West Chester Normal School which closed this week, has returned home bringing with her pleasant recollections of Chester county.

—Geo. G. Meade, Post No. 1 G. A. R., of Philadelphia, has forwarded an elegantly engrossed resolution of thanks to H. Clay Beatty Post No. 73, of Bristol, for their sumptuous entertainment while on a visit to this place last May.

—The Excursion of the Red Men to Cape May on Monday was quite a large one, in the neighborhood of 300 persons going from Bristol. The excursionists arrived home about half past eleven o'clock, pretty well tired out but having had a pleasant time.

—Yesterday's *Intelligencer* says "some seventy Bristolians went on an excursion to hear the breakers roar that dash the beach at Rockaway." This excursion took place July 25th, so that two weeks may be regarded as the average time for Bristol news to reach our contemporaries at the county seat.

—Sheriff Reinhart advertises that he will sell at public sale, on the premises, in the borough of Bristol, on the 23rd inst., the small property of William McKnight, the sale to occur at 2 o'clock P. M., and the same day, at 2½ o'clock, on the premises, will be sold the property of Richard Bruton, on Walnut street.

—An election of Delegates to the Congressional Convention of the Seventh District, to be held in Lenape Hall, in Doylestown, on Monday, the 12th day of August, 1878, at 11½ o'clock, will be held in the townships and boroughs included in said District on Saturday, the tenth of August, between the hours of four and eight o'clock, P. M.

—An interesting occasion will be the literary entertainment which will be given in the Methodis Church, next Wednesday evening, under the supervision of the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society connected with the Church. The friends of the cause and the public in general, are cordially invited to be present.

—The grove, which has heretofore been devoted entirely to temperance meetings, will on Saturday evening be the scene of a meeting of another character. The National Greenback Labor party expect to have a "grand rally," at which Hon. Frank W. Hughes, the leader of the party in this State, Charles N. Brumm, of Pottsville, Henry Cary Baird and others are announced to deliver addresses.

—Last Saturday, Constable T[illegible]linson, of Doylestown, arrived in Bristol having in charge Frederick E. Hilgard, recently employed here as Assistant Supervisor of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. They proceeded to Bensalem where 'Squire Henry holds his court, where he gave bail, G. M. Dorrance going his security for a hearing on the 13th of August, upon the complaint of Annie E. Piper, who accuses him of "administering poison to her to produce a miscarriage, which by said poison was produced."

Notes and Comments.

Apples are plentiful.

Plums are scarce.

Cantaloupes are now loped around.

Blackberries are not out of market yet.

Dealers in truck are doing a lively business.

Candidates for office are now ripe, ready to pluck.

August has been as showery as April is reputed to be.

Watermelon-cholly time is here, the saddest of the year.

Mill street near the canal bridge has been paved with stone.

Sea side excursions are well patronized despite the hard times.

Hon. C. N. Taylor's anti-lawyer party will not be organized this year.

The nursery beyond Otter creek is a favorite rendezvous for tramps.

Somebody says Hayes is homesick. Yes, and Tilden is home, sicker.

The first gun of the campaign will be heard at the grove on Saturday evening.

What a relief 'twould be if "Grandfather's Clock" really would "stop, short, never to go again."

With two exceptions, the flocks of all the churches are at present without a watchful shepherd's tender care.

Col. Ingersoll has gone to Europe to prepare a lecture on Burns. Thought he said there was no future warm place.

Some of the excursionists who went to Cape May, on Monday, who were determined to get all they could for the money, got seasick.

The Nationalists are the most alive party, so far as relates to their State ticket. But why don't they put a county ticket in the field?

A dog was recently caught on a fish hook baited to catch a rat. Wouldn't it be an admirable plan go a fishing after cats in this manner?

Base-ball has its attaactions. Last Saturday in our borough one player had his finger nail torn off, another was struck in the eye, and one in Burlington sprained his ankle.

Joshua Billings considers silence the best substitute for wisdom yet discovered—but Mrs. Jenks had not made her advent before the Potter committee when he wrote that.

If their were better travelling arrangements between Bristol and Langhorne, doubtless quite a number of Bristolians would attend the reunion of the lyceums next Saturday at Langhorne.

A lady who was out rowing last Sunday was drowned, and some people consider it a judgment for breaking the Sabbath. On the same day a gospel tent in Philadelphia was struck by lightning, and one, if not more persons, killed and several slightly injured.

A man in the western part of this State has had his slumbers disturbed by the noise made by his neighbor playing croquet, and has brought a suit to prevent him playing his favorite game. Croquet players will watch the result with interest. Next thing we know, somebody will be hauling his neighbor up for keeping a cat.

—Monday night Seymour Taylor died very suddenly at his residence on Cedar street, adjoining the Baptist parsonage. He returned home about nine o clock in the evening, and shortly after complained of being sick, and a physician was summoned who found him suffering terribly and scarcely able to get his breath. Everything was done that could be, to relieve his suffering, but it was of no avail, and about eleven o'clock he died. The Coroner at once summoned a jury, who were not able to come to a conclusion until the next day after a post-mortem examination had been held by Doctors Groom and Ward, who decided that the cause of the death was neuralgia of the heart, and the jury rendered a verdict accordingly. Mr. Taylor came to this place about three years ago in company with William Grace, from Bristol, England, and with the latter gentleman formed a partnership under the title of Grace & Taylor, to carry on the business of house painting and paper hanging. They soon dissolved partnership however, and each sat up in the same business for himself.

—Last Friday about twelve o'clock, a tin peddler, a Polish jew, named Wolf Lipinski, of Trenton, was killed by the cars near Tullytown. He was walking on the ties outside the railroad track, and the engineer of the train whistled several times and the man not heeding the alarm, reversed his engine; some workmen also tried to get his attention by waving their hands and handkerchiefs at him, but it was all of no avail for the locomotive struck him in the back breaking his spine, doubtless killing him instantly. The coroner held an inquest at which a verdict of accidental death by being struck by the cars was rendered, the railroad officials being fully exonerated from the blame as they had done all in their power to prevent the accident. The body of the unfortunate man was taken by his cousin to Trenton for interment.

—Rockaway Beach seems to be the favorite resort for excursionists in this neighborhood. For the one to that place this morning over 200 tickets were sold in Bristol, and the railroad station presented quite a lively scene during the bustle and excitement attendant upon the departure of so large a number of people. A portion of the party went at 7:10, on a train which was flagged for a New York passenger, and the rest went on the 8:26 to Trenton, where both parties joined, and re-embarked for South Amboy, where they took the steamer for Rockaway.

—There are any number of gentlemen in this end of the county among our Democratic brethren, who are willing to go up to Harrisburg and help make laws for the Commonwealth. Among those named are following: James Lyndall, Esq., John C. Stuckert, and William Badger, Jr., of Bristol; John Jones, of Newtown, and Dr. Candy, of Langhorne. For the office of Sheriff, which is worth about $8,000 a year, George S Silbert, of Bristol, Tim Wright, of Tullytown, Ellwood Wright, of Morrisville, Tom. Scott, of Newtown, and Hogeland Stevens, of Southamptonville.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, July 24th, 1878:—Mrs. Edward C. Brown, Mrs. Kate Boyle, James Blake, Mrs. Mary Craft, Patrick Cooney, Mrs. Harriet Comfort, Ida Counters, Willie P. Ferris, Annie Hagney, Mrs. Adolph Heller, Mrs. Sarah J. Lanning, Henry Keler, Mr. E. H. Middleton, Bridget McDonald, Colly Mulhearn, Emma S. Ostrander, Mary Privet, Mrs. Susan Palmer, Kate Robbins, James P. Suber, Lawrence Taffe, Jacob Weidler, Mrs. Annie B. Richardson.

—The excursion of Delaware Falls Lodge to Long Branch yesterday took in the neighborhood of sixty persons from Bristol, but from below Bristol very few persons got aboard. The Baptist folks turned out about fifty strong, which was more than was expected at so short a notice, although if the Methodist Sunday School had not unexpectedly announced an excursion to the same place on the 24th inst., Mr. Conard thought there would have been more to go with his school yesterday.

—The base-ball games as announced for last Saturday did not come off, but the Keystone went over to Burlington, and played an interesting game with the Daisy, of that city, the result of which was as follows:

INNINGS.									
Keystone	0	3	0	4	0	5	3	0	7-22
Daisy	3	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	4-11

—Farmers in Dakota, Minn., have been offering $3.25 and $4 a day for harvesters, but in vain. The tramp wants bread or blood—not work.

—Rev. Wm. Elliot, of Frankford, addressed the annual harvest home of the M. E. churches of lower Bucks on August 7th, at Langhorne Park.

—On Sunday afternoon at the Grove, despite the threatening appearance of the weather, the temperance meeting was well attended. Captain Leabourne delivered the principal address, which it is unnecessary to say was very eloquent and interesting. His remarks were directed mainly to showing the injustice of the law, or rather the unjust administration of the law, in cases in which the license laws are violated, and to demonstrating the great advances which are being made all over the country by the temperance agitation, or as he called it, tidal wave, which started by Mr. Murphy, swept over the entire land. He said that nearly every murder which is committed is attributable to intoxicating drink and in illustration cited the Armstrong murder and one which occurred lately in Baltimore. If Thomas Graham had not been a drinking character, he said, nobody would believe that he would have been persuaded to commit such a terrible crime, he had been acquainted with the man from his youth up and his one failing was drunkenness, and to get rum he would do anything, the appetite for it was so strong. Amid all the evidences of the evils of intemperance, however, he was cheered by the signs of the times, which pointed to the eventual success of their cause. He drew what seems a favorite parallel with temperance speakers, between the Anti-Slavery contest and its final success, and the temperance movement. He was well warmed up up with his subject at this point, and his eloquent description of the war waged against slavery, and its culmination in the issuing of the emancipation proclamation, was listened to with the closest attention, and produced a marked effect. He closed his address by referring to the sad effects of intemperance upon the home. First, he described what the home is when unsullied by evil, and then drew a contrast of it after the purity and harmony have been destroyed by strong drink. The peroration was an effective piece of oratory, and kept the attention of his listeners engaged until he finished and sat down.

After the singing of a verse of a hymn, a gentleman named Mr. Shrieve, from Mount Holly, was introduced, and although no doubt with very good motives, yet with very poor judgment proceeded to demonstrate that the main positions taken by Captain Leabourne were false ones. He agreed, he said, with many things the previous speaker had said, but he did not go far enough, and that instead of the liquor sellers being to blame for engaging in the liquor business, the people were in fault for allowing the license laws which legalize the traffic in liquor to remain upon the statute books. He favored first, last and all the time, a general prohibitory law, and seemed to be impatient because everybody else did not agree with him. Captain Leabourne's opinion was that a prohibitory law was something to be greatly desired, but that the only means of getting it was the agitation of the temperance question until the public sentiment would demand such a law, but Mr. Shrieve does not want to conduct the campaign in this manner, but desires as the one most important issue that the prohibition question be thrust forward to the exclusion of every other phase of the temperance movement. Nearly all prohibitionists seem to give but a half-hearted support to the Murphy movement, doubtless because Mr. Murphy does not think the advocacy of prohibition advisable at present, and this feeling showed itself through the entire speech of Mr. Shrieve. At the conclusion of his remarks the meeting was dismissed, and next Sunday afternoon at the same time and place the series of meetings will be continued.

—We publish by request the following sections of the statute laws of Pennsylvania:

It shall not be lawful for any Councilman, Burgess, Trustee, Manager, or Director of any corporation, municipality or public institution, to be, at the same time, a Treasurer, Secretary, or other officer, subordinate to the President and Directors, who shall receive a salary therefrom, or be the surety of such officer, nor shall any member of any corporation or public institution, or any officer or agent thereof, be in any wise intrusted in any contract for the sale or furnishing of any supplies, or material to be furnished to, or for the use of any corporation municipality or public institution of which he shall be a member or officer, or for which he shall be an agent, nor directly or indirectly interested therein, nor receive any reward nor gratuity from any person interested in such contract or sale; and any person violating these provisions, or either of them, shall forfeit his membership in such corporation, municipality, or institution, and his office or appointment thereunder, and shall be held guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, be sentenced to pay a fine, not exceeding five hundred dollars: Provided, that nothing in this section contained, shall prevent a Vice President of any bank, from being a Director of such bank, of receiving a salary as Vice President.

Any person who shall contract for the sale, or sell any supplies or material, as aforesaid, and shall cause to be interested in any such contract or sales, any member, officer or agent of any corporation, municipality or institution, or give or offer to give any such person any reward or gratuity, to influence him or them in the discharge of their official duties, shall not be capable of recovering anything upon any contract or sale, in relation to which he may have so practised or attempted to practice corruptly, but the same shall be void, and such party shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine, not exceeding five hundred dollars.

—A portion of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, which connects with the Tuckerton Railroad at Whiting, has passed into the hands of the receiver, Col. Isaac Buckalew, of the Amboy division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This part, now controlled by the Pennsylvania Company, was built in 1870, at a cost of $385,000, the bonds for which were guaranteed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad. The extended line was leased, however, to the New Jersey Southern Railroad; on condition that they pay the interest on the bonds, but it failed to do so, and the Pennsylvania Company have consequently been compelled to pay the interest under the guarantee.

—The Prohibitionists of Burlington County, N. J., met at the Court House in Mount Holly, August 4th, and made the following nominations: For Sheriff, Nathan Crispin, of Lumberton; County Collector, Henry Fenimore, of Chesterfield; County Clerk, H. Downs, of Little Egg Harbor; County House Steward, William Gratz, of Chesterfield; with other minor officers. In the evening a grand mass-meeting at the Court House was addressed by H. P. Davidson, of Salem, N. J., Edwin H. Coates, of Philadelphia, and others.

—Over 100 salmon have been captured this season below Trenton, none of them weighing less than twelve pounds, one weighing over twenty-three pounds. The stocking of the Delaware river with salmon began in 1871, when 2,500 were placed in the river, In 1872, 18,000 were put in, and in 1873, 60,000. In 1874 the California salmon were procured. As the salmon continue to run up the river until late in the fall, it is the opinion of the commissioners that many of them are now in the Delaware.

—Mr. Henry Winkley, of Philadelphia, who recently gave $25,000 to Andover Theological Seminary, and the same sum to Dartmouth College, is a plain, unassuming man, portly and commanding in person, with gray hair and whiskers, and apparently about sixty-five years of age. He is a gentleman of the old school, and very hospitable in his manners.

—The *Farm Journal* throws out this suggestion:—"The price of stable manure in Philadelphia has been and we believe is now, nearly double the price of the same article in New York. It is too high. Let our farmers quit buying it for a few months; stand off and let the price drop."

—Miss Emily Faithfull is lecturing in England on "The Extravagance of Modern Life." The Duke of Devonshire presided at one of her recent lectures, and at the close gave his emphatic indorsement to the views of the lecturer.

Historical Sketch of the Origin of the Point Pleasant Baptist Church.

For a number of years previous to 1849, Rev. Joseph Mathias, Pastor of the Hilltown Baptist Church, visited this region and preached the Gospel monthly, and made other occasional visits. He also at sundry times had occasion to visit the baptismal waters, for the purpose of immersing professed believers. Other ministers also occasionally visited this region, and ministered unto the people.

In the spring of 1849, Rev. John S. Eisenbrey and family moved into this vicinity, and he commenced preaching for them, and it was at length concluded that it would be to the furtherance of the cause, if they were to become a regular Independent Baptist Church, as they were at too remote a distance from the church in Hilltown, of which they were members, to enjoy gospel privileges with them.

Therefore on Saturday July 21st, 1849, the brethren and sisters of this vicinity, thirty-two in all, requested a letter of dismission from the parent church, for the purpose of being organized into a separate Baptist Church.

Pursuant to arrangements made, a council consisting of Rev. Joseph Mathias, Pastor of Hilltown Church; Rev. Joseph Wright, Pastor of Solebury Church; and Rev. Heman Lincoln, Pastor of the New Britain Church, met the brethren at the school House on the River Hill, near Point Pleasant, on Saturday September 1st, 1849, when the following exercises were attended to: After singing and prayer, Brother Wright delivered a discourse from 2nd Corinthians, 8th chapter, 9th verse, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might be rich." Brother Mathias produced and read the letter of dismission from the Hilltown Church, and after due deliberation, the above named thirty-two persons, were constituted into the Plumstead Baptist Church. Brother Mathias gave the right hand of fellowship, first to Brother Eisenbrey, and then to the rest of the members present, and then made constituting prayer, after which Brother Lincoln gave a charge to the newly constituted church, and an address to the congregation. After singing, Brother Eisenbrey made the closing prayers and pronounced the benediction.

The first additions to the church were two persons by letter, on the day following its constitution, on which day the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was first celebrated by the Church.

The Church settled Rev. John S. Eisenbrey as their pastor for one year. He resigned September 14th, 1850.

On the 15th of March 1851, Mr. John C. Hyde was called to the pastorate, and was duly ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry, on the 17th of April 1851. During his pastorate forty members were added to the church, thirty-five by baptism, and five by letter. He resigned his position as pastor, April 15th 1854.

April 12th, 1851, the name of the church was changed from the Plumstead Baptist Church, to the Point Pleasant Baptist Church.

The Church voted to erect a house of worship May 1st, 1852.

The corner-stone of the church edifice was laid August 26th, 1852.

The following ministers participated in the exercises; Rev. C. Cox, of Hilltown, prayer; Rev. Joseph Wright, of Solebury, read hymn; Rev. J. J. Baker, of Sandy Ridge, and Rev. A. Armstrong, of Lambertville, made addresses.

Rev. J. C. Hyde deposited the corner-stone, which contained the vote of the church to erect the building; the minutes of the Philadelphia Baptist Association for 1851; the *Christian Chronicle,* one copy; and a copy of the church covenant and articles of faith.

The edifice was dedicated on Saturday September 17th; 1853, Rev. M. G. Clark of Philadelphia preached the dedicatory sermon, using as his text the 1st and 2nd verses of the 84th Psalm.

Brethren Shadrack of Philadelphia, and Wilder of New Britain, preached for them on the Sabbath following the dedication.

The church from a little band of 32 persons in 1849, has gradually risen to its present position, now numbering 109 members. B.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

BEER AND WATER.

The late annual convention of the Brewer's Association in the city of Baltimore, after mature deliberation, came to the astounding conclusion that beer drinking, rather than water drinking, improves and elevates a nation. This committee on agitation brought in a report, which was unanimously adopted, containing the following: "There are examples of nations who have practiced prohibition, but it has invariably been to their great disadvantage.

"The Turks as a rule have faithfully adhered to their prohibitory laws. We find as a result that of all the nations of the earth, they are the most stupid, sluggish, slovenly, and even the most filthy.

"Being a nation of water drinkers, they have become as a stagnant morass, an offence to civilization."

What think you of this Mr. Editor! Is it not a discovery worthy to be classed among the most famous of the century?

Would not the brewers have the people of the United States believe that beer is a sovereign panacea for our national ailments.

Some doctors tell us that lager beer is healthful, and often prescribe it for their patients, but we never before heard that its common use was conducive to national prosperity.

The Turks a nation of water drinkers!

It may be presumption in us to doubt the accuracy of the historical statements of this large and intelligent Brewer's Association, but we venture to assert that the Turks are universal coffee drinkers, stupefy themselves with opium, and are in the habit of exciting themselves with a powerfully intoxicating liquor called hasheesh.

The logic of the Brewer's Association, is a little too beer-y to have any effect upon the cool heads of water drinkers. P.

—The Springfield (Ill.) *State Gazette* receives no telegrams but cuts out and uses those printed in the St. Louis evening papers and in the Springfield *Register*, bribing a pressman to furnish it with an early copy. The editor of the *Register*, discovering this, had struck of at 3.15 A. M. a special paper, containing a bogus account of a thunder-storm at Winchester, whereby a German clergyman was killed, only rallying to utter the words, "Ich habe diese nachricht gestohlen." An hour afterwards the *Gazette* was on the streets announcing the death of the reverend gentleman and his last words which are, being translated, "I have stolen this despatch."

—Pittsburg has a novel divorce suit. Professor Horace W. Nicolas, the well-known composer and organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, has brought an action for divorce on the ground that he was grossly deceived and "taken in," as it were, when he married the fashionable and fascinating widow Cassidy. He claims he was a victim of cosmetics, hair-dye, patent appliances, and various adventurous aids of the wily widow, and that he got less woman than the law allows. He has waited in vain four years for her to die in earnest, and his heart has become so weary with waiting he asks the court for relief. This case is one of great importance. It will afford a dangerous precedent.

—It is said that George W. Childs, A. M., editor and poet of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, pays the expenses of Gen. W. W. H. Davis to the Paris Exposition. George said he did not want to go because the voyage made him sea-sick, and to show it was not the expense which deterred him, he would pay the General's expenses. Watts did not take it unkindly. He is now enjoying the select society of the French aristocracy who wonder how a man can be the citizen of a Republic and be a gentlemen.—Delightful people of culture!—*Spirit.*

—The San Francisco *Chronicle* of July 27 contains the following account of a young Oregon wife's abandonment of her elderly husband: "When the steamer Oregon arrived from Portland, Thursday morning, Capt. Connor turned over to the police, with the request to look out for her, a girl 15 years of age, and subsequently she was taken in charge by Nathaniel Hunter, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. To him she related her story, informing him that her parents are Scotch, and emigrated to Wisconsin many years ago. For a long time her father and mother tried to force her to marry a man nearly 60 years old, but she refused, and once ran away from home, but was brought back. Last May, when 15 years old, she was obliged to marry the man, who says he is 58 years old. No clergyman could be found to marry them, and they employed a Justice of the Peace. Soon after her marriage she and her husband came to California, and then went to Oregon. During their journey her husband represented himself to be her grandfather. At Portland he left her in a boarding-house, while he went into the country to work, and during his absence she told her story to the people in the house. Disliking the man to whom she was married, and not wishing to live with him, she was advised to come to San Francisco and get work. She was given some money, and took a steerage passage down. Mr. Hunter has placed her under the care of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society."

—The Chicago *Tribune*, instead of publishing the poetry it receives, offers the verses for sale to people who need such things and do not wish to be caught borrowing from familiar sources. Among the lots offered are the following: "Thirty decasyllables—meditations in a church—just the thing for a girl to send to a Sunday school teacher; no denominationalism. Fifteen lines, straggling meter—fears his sweetheart has gone back on him, and meditates a gloom of existence spent without her—good thing to dash off impromptu after a quarrel; originally addressed to Mary, but can be used for Sarah."

—Emperor William since the attempts on his life has received numerous testimonials of esteem in which he is held by his subjects. Besides thousands of telegrams, he has received more than 200 addresses, the number of signatures to each address varying between 10 and 10,000, many of which are perfect works of art. Most of the bindings are in blue velvet, the favorite color of the Emperor, with gold or silver clasps, and alto-relievor in the same metals. They have been placed on exhibition at the Old Palace in Berlin.

—As furniture in a tenement house at Fall River Mass., was being transferred to a wagon, the wife carefully wrapped in a large comforter her little baby and put it on the bed in an upper chamber. A little later some one down by the wagon called to a man who entered the chamber to throw down something to use for packing to protect some articles. The man seized the rolled up comforter and flung it out of the window. It was caught by a woman, who, finding a lump in it, unfolded it to find the child unharmed.

—The venerable Israel Bagg, of Bernardston, Mass., who was one hundred and one years old on the 14th of last April, died last week, and probably was, with one exception the oldest man in the State. All his children save one, with whom he has lived of late years, are dead, but his two brothers, Oliver and Ruggles, aged eighty-one and eighty-four; were present at the observing of his one hundredth birthday two years ago, and were photographed with him. He lived to see five generations of his children.

—A London lady has authorized Moncure D. Conway to offer £1,000 toward the formation of a fund to provide some means of collegiate education for women at Oxford, subject to the condition that an equal sum be subscribed within the next few months. A committee of influential persons has been formed at Oxford, who have suggested a scheme which they believe feasible, and who are willing and able to work for its success.

—A London letter says the importation of American beef is doing great injury to the British cattle trade. It sells so cheap and has so greatly reduced the price of beef that it is scarcely worth a farmer's while to trade in English bullocks.

—A Salt Lake dispatch says that investigation prove that the Mormon co-operative stores at Logan, Malad, Ogden, and other places have been selling arms and ammunition to hostile Indians. The authorities at Washington have been notified.

—Madame Baldomera, who six months ago, directed a private bank in Madrid, and escaped with the funds to Mexico, has been arrested in Paris. She acknowledges her indentity and her crime, but says that very little of the money is left.

—The members of a Massachusetts base-ball club are compelled by its constitution to be home every night at 11, to abjure the use of tobacco and liquor, and not to associate with people who bet on any games of ball.

☞ Disfigurements, such as obstinate Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Erysipelas, etc., are promptly removed by the use of Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

☞ CAN'T PREACH GOOD.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a lawsuit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.

☞ Use E. C. Neidt's Oleine Soap. Acknowledged to be the best in the market, and warranted pure, made of select material, and free from all adulterations. The economical house wife will find it to her advantage to give it a fair trial.

☞ Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup 25cts.; Sterling's Anti-Bilious Tincture 25cts., at Parker's Drug Store, 63 Mill street.

☞ If your spectacles don't suit you, try a pair of the Celebrated Perfected Spectacles. They succeed where others fail. For sale only by A. E. Baylies, Jeweler, Mill St., between Wood and Pond, Bristol, Pa.

☞ For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap clothing go to Tylers. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

☞ Peach Festival and Fair will be held in Schenck's Hall, Bridgewater, on the evenings of the 8th, 9th and 10th of August. Proceeds for the purchase of a new library for the Presbyterian Sunday School at Bridgewater.

☞ Sulphur Soap 15cts., at Parker's Drug Store.

Philadelphia Markets.

FLOUR.—The Flour Market is rather better. Sales of Superfine at $3 to 3.25, extras $3.75 to 4 25, extra family $5 to $6, and fancy brands $6.50 to 7.50. Rye Flour $2.75 to 2.80. Bran $12.75 to 13.25 per ton.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in fair demand and last week's report is well maintained. Sales of red at $1.02½ to 1.03½; amber $1 03 to 1 05, and white at $1 08 to 1 10. Rye 53 to 55c. Corn 51 to 52c. Oats, choice white, 36 to 37c., fair to good, 34 to 35c., and mixed and new 33 to 34c.

SEEDS.—Clover 7½ to 8c. per lb.; Timothy $1 50 per bushel, and Flax $1.30

PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, $10 50 a 11 per bbl.; Bacon Hams, 11½ a 13c., and sides 6½ to 7c, Lard, 7½a7¾c. Butter, creamery extra; 20a22c., firsts do. 16 a19c.; choice, State tubs, 17a19c., do. firsts 14a16c. Western choice do. 12a14 c, do. firsts 10 a 11 c., State rolls 12 to 14 Cheese: New York factory, 7½a8½c.; do. fair to good, 7a7½c.; Western choice, 6½a7½c.; do. fair to good, 6a6½c. Eggs, strictly fresh, 13to14

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

18 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
August 7, 1878—4 P. M.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The market has been dull to-day and slightly lower, the only change of consequence being in Reading, which was sold freely by commission brokers. The other market was not much changed, Pennsylvania R. R. in particular holding very well, as no one seems to have any stock, and don't care to get much short for fear of the New York party who have it in their power to do pretty much what they like with the price.

Pennsylvania R. R. opened at 32⅝ and sold off to 32½. From this it went to 32¾, but declined to 32⅜, closing 32⅜-½.

Reading started at 17⅜ and sold off to 17⅛. From this it rallied to 17¾, but dropped to 17⅛ at the close, ending 17⅛-¼.

Lehigh Navigation sold at 18½, closing 18½-¾.

The rates on money was 4 per cent.

Gold was 100½ all day.

Money in New York closes 2 per cent.

Yours truly, MARIS & SMITH.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Beef Cattle were dull this week, but prices were unsettled and lower. 2800 head arrived and sold at 5½ a 5¾c., for extra Penna. and Western steers; 4½a4¾c. for fair to good do., and 3½a4½c. per pound gross for common as to quality. Sheep were dull; 12 000 head arrived and sold at 3a5c. per pound as to condition. Hogs were also dull; 4000 head sold at 6½a7½c. per pound as to quality.

HAY AND STRAW MARKET—For the past week: Loads of Hay, 168; Straw, loads 40. Average price during week: Primo Timothy, 70c. a 80c; Mixed, 50c. to 60c. Straw, 50c. a 60c. per 100 lbs.

New Advertisements.

New Crop of Turnip Seed,

PURPLE TOP AND WHITE FLAT, Yellow Aberdeen, Swedish, Russian or Ruta-baga, Yellow and White; also, other varieties. Also, a variety of Garden Seeds for a succession.

J. W. CORNELL & CO'S.,
Seed and Implement Warehouse,
88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

☞ Loose Grain or Oats Forks.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF SEYMOUR TAYLOR, late of Bristol Borough, County of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to E. J. GROOM, Administrator,
277 Bristol Borough.

GRAND RALLY!

A MASS MEETING

OF THE

NATIONAL GREENBACK LABOR PARTY,

WILL BE HELD

IN THE GROVE, AT BRISTOL,

On Saturday Evening, Aug. 10th.

Addresses will be delivered by the following eminent speakers:

HON. FRANCIS W. HUGHES,
Of Pottsville.
CHARLES N. BRUMM, of Pottsville.
HENRY CAREY BAIRD, of Philadelphia.
ROBERT K. TOMLINSON, of Brownsburg.
U. S. STEPHENS, of Philadelphia.

☞ All are cordially invited to attend. Seats will be provided.
278 BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

HUNT'S REMEDY

The Great Kidney Medicine is not a new compound; it has been before the public 30 years and used by all classes. HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by Physicians to die. HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine. HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result. HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs. HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it. HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared EXPRESSLY for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. Send for pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY

WM. E. CLARKE,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

For Rent.

A SEVEN ROOM COTTAGE on WASHINGTON STREET, well planned and convenient—none more so. Rent, Eleven Dollars per month—lowest rent in Bristol. Good water and healthy location
272 CHARLES BANES.

For Rent.

A THREE STORY DWELLING HOUSE situated on the corner of Radcliffe and Mulberry streets. The house contains nine rooms, and has all the modern conveniences. Terms reasonable. Apply to
H. A. BAILEY,
253 Corner Dorrance and Radcliffe Sts.

For Sale.

THE LARGE THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE at the north corner of RADCLIFFE AND PENN Sts., containing 12 rooms. It is beautifully located—second to none in Bristol—well built, nearly new, and conveniently arranged throughout. Inquire of
176 M. A. WALMSLEY, Bristol, Pa.

House to Let.

FIVE ROOMS, Cedar Street above Mill. $7 per month. Apply to
H. PURSELL,
244 S. W. corner Mill and Cedar Sts.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING SOME EXPERIENCE AS

AUCTIONEER

FOR THE SALE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY, offers his services to the citizens of Bucks County, and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of the business Address, Bristol, Pa.
124 W. H. PAXSON.

SEVENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

For Congress,

J. PAUL KNIGHT,

OF FEASTERVILLE, BUCKS COUNTY, PA.
(Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. 273

For Assembly,

WILLIAM WISE,

OF FALLSINGTON TOWNSHIP.
255 Subject to Republican Rules.

CLAWSON SEED WHEAT.

1000 BUSHELS CLEAN CLAWSON SEED of this season's growth, for sale by
C. W. TAYLOR,
271 Trevose, Hulmeville, Pa.

At J. Milnor's Store,

Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Can always be found a full line of

Fine Groceries and Provisions,

consisting in part of

DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line.

WILLIAM B. BAKER, M. D.,

DENTIST.

43 Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

CARPETS

Washed and Scoured

INGRAIN CARPETS, 5 cents per yard.
BRUSSELS CARPETS, 6 cents per yard.

AT

Livingston Mills,

BRISTOL, PA. 402

BURKE'S EXPRESS,

No. 38 South Delaware Ave.,

PHILADELPHIA.

120

Blatchley's Pumps.

Are made to suit cisterns or wells of any depth, from 15 to 75 feet, either plain or lined with galvanized iron, or seamless drawn tube copper. We keep in stock a complete assortment in size, length and price, from the cheapest to the **Most Perfect and Improved Pump that can be made.** Our manufacturing facilities enable us to furnish the best pumps **at prices but little above second and third-rate goods.** When buying pumps see that they have **my trade mark and name.** If not for sale in your town, your orders can always be filled without delay at 440 Market Street, one door from Fifth Street, south side, Philadelphia.

246 C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer.

Notice to Trespassers.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons are forbid trespassing and loafing on my premises at the Bath Springs, or they will be dealt with according to law. JARED HELLINGS.

Miscellaneous.

A GRAND

LITERARY FEAST.

The Third Annual Convention

OF THE

LYCEUMS OF LOWER BUCKS COUNTY,

WILL BE HELD AT

LANGHORNE PARK,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th, 1878.

THE Exercises begin at 10.30 A. M., sharp, and will consist of

ORATIONS,
ESSAYS,
DECLAMATIONS,
RECITATIONS,
SELECT READINGS, &c.,

And will be participated in by representatives of

Eight or Nine Lyceums.

Winkler's Band of Trenton, will be in attendance, and furnish music during the day.

☞ The admission to the grounds will be but TEN CENTS for all over 12 years of age; those under will be admitted FREE.

Dinner and Refreshments can be purchased on the grounds at reasonable rates Programmes will be furnished on day of Convention.

EXCURSION RATES:

The Bound Brook Railroad will issue excursion tickets to and from the Park at all its principal stations. Trains leave Trenton at 8.35 A. M., and Philadelphia at 9 30 A. M., Doylestown at 7 10 A. M. Returning leaves Langhorne for Trenton at 1.50, 5 15 and 6:21 P. M. For Philadelphia at 4:25 P. M. and 7 20 P. M. For Doylestown at 1.25 P. M.

274 BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

TREES! TREES! TREES!

Fruit, Shade and Evergreen.

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK WE WILL SELL FOR CASH

Bartlett and Seckel
Standard Pear Trees,

At $15 per One Hundred.

We would call the attention of persons wishing trees for street planting or for quick shade, to the Black Italian Poplar and Shining Leaved Willow. For quick growth and beauty of appearance these two varieties of trees cannot be excelled.

JOHN SHERWOOD & SON,
1 mile below Schenck's Station, 2½ below Bristol
775

MEAT! MEAT!

MILTON WEBSTER,

AT THE

Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.

☞ Special inducements given cash customers. 28

New Meat Shop,

Mill Street above Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.

D. G. MICHENER & SON,

KEEP constantly on hand all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, &c, at lowest rates for cash. We respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the citizens of Bristol and vicinity and our old customers generally, and by close attention to business hope to please. 830

A Rare Opportunity for Manufacturers.

FOR SALE.—A well and substantial built TWO-STORIED STONE BUILDING, thirty-five feet front by fifty-three feet deep, on Otter Street, (Turnpike), running back to Pennsylvania Railroad, Bristol Borough, Pa.—suitable for a manufactory—known as Public School House, No. 2, with the lot containing 82 feet 10 inches, by 139 feet 7 inches Apply to or address,
WILLIAM H. HALL.
President, Board of Directors,
263 Bristol, Pa.

E. G. H. C. T. H. W. E. H.

E. G. HARRISON & SONS,

OCEAN GROVE
BOARDING HOUSE AGENCY,

44 Mill St., Bristol, and Hulmeville, Pa.,

WILL SECURE BOARD AT HOTELS OR PRIVATE BOARDING, free of charge to applicants, or give any information thereto. Call or address as above. 270

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,

Bread, Pie and Fancy Cake
BAKER,

Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge,
BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 931

The Friends' School

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS,

WILL RE-OPEN THE NINTH OF NINTH MO. (September.) For information apply to SAMUEL SWAIN, a member of the committee, or
276 LOUISA IREDELL, Principal.

Home and Day School
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE NEXT SESSION OF MISS MERRIAM'S SCHOOL will open WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th. A PRIMARY CLASS will be received For circulars, address until September 1,
MISS A. MERRIAM,
250 Westborough, Mass.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

FOR BOTH SEXES,

At Newtown, Pa.,

R. L. GURNEE, Principal.

Expenses for Week-day Boarders $3.50 per week: for Day Pupils, from $2 50 to $8, per term of 10 weeks. Expenses in Music, per term of 20 lessons, $8; in Drawing, $5; in Painting, $7. 635

Swarthmore College,

TEN MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA, under the care of Friends, gives a thorough collegiate education to both sexes, who here pursue the same courses of study, and receive the same degrees.

For catalogue, giving full particulars as to courses of study, terms, &c., address,
EDWARD H. MAGILL, President,
Swarthmore College, Swarthmore,
258 Delaware County, Penna.

EDUCATION.

THE REV. DR. DRUMM (formerly Rector of St. James Church), being unable at present to engage in parochial work, wishes to get a few private pupils to prepare for college, or for professional or commercial life. **Instruction given in Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Mental Philosophy, History, English Literature, &c.** For particular, apply to advertiser in person, or by letter to Box 75, Post Office, Bristol, Pa. 195

COWELL HOUSE,

Corner of New York and Embury Avenues,

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

Will be Open 1st of June.

(First-Class Accommodations.)

227 W. E. McCOMAS, Manager

THE MILD POWER

CURES.

HUMPHREY'S
HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

BEEN in general use for twenty years. Everywhere proved the most Safe, Simple, Economical and Efficient Medicines known. They are just what the people want, saving time, money, sickness and suffering. Every single specific the well tried prescription of an eminent physician.

For sale by druggists generally.

Humphrey's Specific Manual on the treatment of disease and its cure, sent free on application to Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

JOSEPH PARKER, Agent,
247 Mill Street, Bristol

WIRE SCREEN.

Best Quality.

3 3-4 Cents per foot.

J. S. THOMAS.

FRANK P. ADAMS,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,

No. 10 Wood Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

Bristol.

Summer Campaign.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,

Next Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

LARGEST STOCK.
FINEST GOODS.
LOWEST PRICES.
LATEST NOVELTIES.

A LARGE VARIETY OF

DRESS GOODS,

For Summer Wear, at lower prices than ever.

FRENCH CASHMERE, BLACK,
At 40c., 62c., 75c., 90c. and $1.00 per yd.

BLACK ALPACAS AND MOHAIRS.

BLACK HERNANIES and GRENADINES.

HANDSOME LINE OF DRESS GOODS, At 20c.

BARGAINS IN POPLIN LUSTRES, at 12½c.

A LARGE VARIETY OF BOURETTES, At 12½c.

THIN CLOTHS, FOR LADIES' SACQUES AND CHILDREN'S SUITINGS.

Just Opened, a Large Assortment of

LAWNS,

With Side Borders, at 12½c. yard.

THE BEST GRADES of MUSLINS,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

BEST PRINTS, 5, 6, and 8c. yard.

WHITE GOODS! WHITE GOODS!

In all their variety.

FINE LISLE THREAD GLOVES,

From 15c. to 75c. pair.

WHITE LISLE GLOVE, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 Buttons.

KID GLOVES, Light Shades, 2-Button, 50c.

HAMBURG EDGINGS, from 5c. to $1.50 yd.

CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS!

From 25c. to $2.00.

A fine assortment of

LADIES' MISSES AND CHILDREN'S

FINE BALBRIGGAN HOSE.

STRIPED HOSE, from 10c. to 75c. pair.

LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS!
LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS!

Fresh stock at very low prices.

LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.
LADIES' CALICO SACQUES.
CHEMISE, from 50c. to $2.50.
NIGHT DRESSES AND DRAWERS.
CHILDREN'S ROBES AND DRESSES.

LADIES' LINEN SUITS.
LADIES' LINEN SUITS.
LADIES' LINEN SUITS.
LADIES' LINEN SUITS.

Gents', Ladies' and Children's

SUMMER MERINO AND GAUZE UNDERWEAR.

GENTS' GAUZE SHIRTS, at 25c. each.

MILLINERY GOODS!
MILLINERY GOODS!

SILKS, RIBBONS AND FLOWERS.
Ladies', Misses and Children's STRAW HATS.

A LARGE STOCK OF

HOUSE FURNISHING DRY GOODS,

TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, TOWELS and TOWELING.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings,

BRUSSELS, SUPER INGRAINS,
COTTON INGRAINS and HEMP CARPETS.
OIL CLOTHS 10-4, 8-4, 6-4, 5-4, 4-4 wide.
TABLE OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES AND SHADE FIXTURES.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!

Children's Carriages,
Children's Carriages.

A LARGE, WELL SELECTED AND FRESH STOCK OF

FINE GROCERIES,

At Lowest Prices.

J. Wesley Wright

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

The death of Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg will lend interest to an account of the hymn, "I would not live alway," upon which the deceased clergyman's world-wide fame mainly rests. This celebrated and beautiful hymn was not, originally, a hymn at all, but a poem of some six stanzes of eight lines each, and first appeared in the *Episcopal Recorder*, of Philadelphia, in 1824. We present this poem to our readers in its original form:

AS FIRST WRITTEN.

I would not live alway—live alway below!
Oh, no; I'll not linger when bidden to go;
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer;
Would I shrink from the paths which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unbidden o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its radiance to fade in the night of despair.

And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Secure the victory is mine ere I'm captive again:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears,
The festival trumpet calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom,
Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious day break to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who would live always away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the front of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harper ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft untolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
O, give me, O, give me the wings of a dove,
To adore Him, be near Him, enrapt in his love;
I but wait the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord.

HAIR IN THE HEART.

In looking over a hotel register in Chicago a reporter saw the name of a prominent Southern physician whom he had formerly quite well known. He is resident of a Southern capital. To detail the talk of the evening is certainly not the intention of this brief article. The desire is to call attention to a curious freak of nature, instanced in the person of a young negro woman who died of an ailment that in its antecobit bearings baffled skill or science. The doctor is willing to vouch for the truth of his narration. "I am aware," said he, in relating the circumstances, "that what I am telling you seems contrary to reason, and would be reckoned by many, if not an absurdity, at least a phenomenon that need scarcely be credited. It was five years since that I was called up to attend a bright mulatto woman, said to be suffering from cancer. I gave her my very best attention, and as the awful destroyer was but in the incipiency of its force, I cut it out, and succeeded in saving the woman's life. The would healed, and to all appearances was uninterrupted with. Two years later the woman was one day seized with violent contortions, when she was apparently in the enjoyment of the very best of health, and fell to the floor, crying out that there was a needle piercing her heart. In a short time the pain subsided and she was immediately restored to her normal condition, experiencing no unpleasant results from the incident. But the fits become more frequent, and two months from that day were of daily occurrence. I had been summoned, but I could not make out the peculiar disorder. I found it was foreign to anything of the kind that ever came under my notice as a practitioner. I called in some brother professionals, and we held a long consultation, attempting to diagnose the case. All our efforts were in vain. Finally, to make a long story short, the girl died in the midst of one of her paroxysms. It was decided to hold a post-mortem examination of the body, as it was believed there would be some interesting revelation. The girl had always complained of a pain in the heart, though there were no evidence of heart disease. At the time of the first attack she said a needle was penetrating her heart. We concluded, naturally enough, that the heart was in some manner the seat of the ailment. We accordingly cut it out, and here is the remarkable part of the story. Running transversely through the upper right corner of the heart was a fibrous something, which, upon close examination, proved to be a coarse black hair. Tracing this with the utmost care we found that one end led into the lung of the unfortunate girl, while the other led up towards the armpit of the left side. What prompted me I do not know, but I looked to the old cancer wound, which was left of the left breast, nearly under the arm. I there found a hair growing into the would. It had grown out an inch above the place where the cancer had been, and in attending to that affliction the hair had been inducted into the wound. It had, by some almost impossible process of nature, gone on growing toward the vitals of the woman until it pierced her heart and began coiling in her lungs, producing a hemorrhage of the latter. We took the hair out in three parts, and upon a measurement it proved to be twenty-three feet in length. I have written this astonishing case up, and design publishing it shortly, with several medical disquisitions upon it from some of the ablest pens in the South."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—Like so many other peculiar things in the Celestial Empire, the Chinese system of oyster culture differs widely from that of Europe or America. In the southern parts of China "collectors" of bamboo are placed in the oyster beds, much after the same fashion as the elaborate tiles and "hives" employed in France. These bamboo oyster catchers, however, are prepared in a curious manner. The canes are exposed for about two months to the rays of the sun, and then placed for the same period in salt water, after which they are again dried for several days. Notches are then cut in the canes, into which empty oyster shells are fixed, and thus prepared they are driven into the seashore between high and low water mark, and left standing to catch the young oyster spat. Those localities are considered the best where the rise and fall of the tide is the greatest, so that the bivalves may be alternately covered by the flood and exposed to the air on ebb tide. A large trade is carried on by these collectors, and successful oyster culturists are known to have amassed considerable fortunes. The young oysters seem to develop very rapidly, and are ready for the market when two years old. Large quantities of oysters are dried instead of being eaten in a fresh state. For this purpose they are taken from the shells, simply plunged into boiling water and removed at once, after which they are exposed to the rays of the sun till every particle of moisture has evaporated. They will keep for a considerable length of time in this state. The finest and fattest oysters, bred and fattened on the bamboo "cuich," are selected for preparation after this method, those taken from their natural bed being inferior in quality, and not sufficiently fat to endure the operation.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Mix your graham flour in a thick batter with warm water; a tablespoonful of lard to about a quart of water; one-half a cupful of molasses with one-half teaspoonful of soda beaten in; stir the mixture briskly, put it in a hot pan, and bake in a very hot oven.

BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.—One quart buttermilk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, two flat spoonfuls soda mixed in a little water, or one spoonful saleratus, two teaspoonfuls salt, flour to make a thick batter. Bake in rings in a quick oven.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—A penny's worth of yeast, three pints warm water, salt, half a cupful molasses, and graham flour enough to make a thick batter; set it in a warm place to rise; have your muffin-pan hot and bake in a hot oven.

A LETTER FROM J. Q. ADAMS.

Lafayette's Long Visit to America.

The following letter from John Quincy Adams to President Monroe has never before been published. It was written while Lafayette, then a venerable man of sixty-seven, was making his memorable visit, by invitation of the United States, to the country which he had aided so conspicuously in achieving its independence. Adams at this time was Secretary of State:

"*To the President of the United States, Oakhill, London County, Virginia:* PHILADELPHIA, Sunday, 3d October, 1824.—*Dear Sir:* I arrived here the evening before last on my way to Washington, intending to proceed without stopping, but have found myself urged for attendance at the festivities here, upon the visit of General Lafayette to this place, and am under notice of a Baltimore newspaper that invitations have been sent to Mr. Southard and me to join in the reception of the General there next Thursday. I have, therefore, concluded to yield to these solicitations, and to postpone my return to Washington till next Friday.

"The General himself is desirous of proceeding from Baltimore to Washington on Saturday, and would wish that his reception there might be at this time as private as possible, an arrangement which would seem to be peculiarly proper, from the circumstance which I see announced in a public paper, of the death of Mr. Smallwood, the mayor of the city. The General desires, after a stay of two or three days at Washington, to proceed to Richmond and Norfolk in time for the celebration at Yorktown, after which he proposes to visit Monticello and Montpelier, and return to Washington to be present at the meeting of Congress.

"I had expected to give you this information from Washington, or in person there; but after determining to rest in here, I have thought it best to transmit to you as speedily as possible. I hope to receive at Baltimore, on Thursday, any direction you may think proper to give and which it may be in my power to execute. I remain with perfect respect, etc., your very obedient servant, J. Q. ADAMS."

VIENNA BEER DR SHERS.—Beer gardens and beer rooms are everywhere in Vienna, and the drinking of beer seems to be regarded as one of the necessities of life. It is drank freely at all the restaurants, and is brought, as a matter of course, to every one as soon as he takes a seat at a table. A man who would undertake to eat without beer would be regarded as a curiosity. As soon as your glass is empty, it is refilled, as a matter of course. There is, however, no *treating*, as it is called with us, in Vienna. If two or three gentlemen came in together and called for beer, each pays for what he drinks. If one of them calls for a second glass, he never thinks of asking his companions to drink with him. If they want their glasses refilled, they will call for it and pay for it as he has done. Water is undoubtedly a very scarce commodity in Vienna, cistern water being mostly used for drinking purposes. There are very slow running hydrants on the streets, and they are invariably surrounded by girls and women with buckets and tubs, waiting for their turn to secure their supply. There are also wagons with hogsheads that go around to sell water. It is said to be unwholesome, and, if drank continuously, will lead to chronic affections of the bowels. It is what is called hard water, but we have never found it unpalatable, though a lump of ice is a great improvement to it this weather. There are, however, very few people in Vienna who drink water, and many who never touch it. Beer is the daily and hourly drink of almost every one, old and young. It is part of their daily food, just as coffee and tea is with us. When families are dining at the restaurants, the beer mug stands by the plate of old and young, male and female, and it is even put to the lips of infants. Vienna beer does not, however, seem to have any intoxicating effect, and it never occasions a headache. We have seen and been in the company of men who will drink a dozen large glasses of an evening without observing the slightest inebriating effect. We doubt if they could drink so much American beer with impunity.—*C. C. Fulton in Baltimore American.*

MAKING WINE FROM GRAPES.—To the many inquiries we always receive about this time of the year as to the best mode of making grape wine, we have on former occasions replied by publishing the European mode of manufacture. That was all we could do then, and we can do no more now; but it is useless to repeat this, as the mode there would prove unsuccessful here—we mean in Pennsylvania and everywhere else north of us. Indeed, there is but little wine made in any part of this country as it is in France, Germany, Spain, &c., except in California and at southwestern points at a much lower latitude than here. But a so-called wine is manufactured from grape juice after the fashion of currant wine, which is sometimes very agreeable. The grapes should be picked when perfectly ripe, on a dry day, all the unripe, decayed and imperfect berries being discarded. Crush them in a small press, (not too severely,) if one is at hand, or it can be done by the hand in a large tub; let the mass remain in this state for forty-eight hours; then strain off carefully; add two quarts of soft water to one of juice, and one pound of best yellow sugar or "rock candy;" put in a thoroughly cleansed keg or barrel, so that the vessel is full, leaving off the bung in order that fermentation may have vent and throw out the impurities; fill up with reserved juice to keep the vessel always full, at the end of two or three weeks, when the first fermentation is over, rack off drawing the liquor carefully off by keeping it constantly running and removing it into a scalded-out tub; then scald out the vessel again and return the liquor, leaving the bung rather loosely in its place, for the second fermentation. When that is over bung up tightly, and let remain for at least six months, or altogether, using as it may be wanted. It is better if racked off at the end of six months or longer and put into from two to five-gallon demijohns, though the usual bottles answer very well. Unless you want excellent vinegar, be sure to add the sugar or rock candy.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A SHORT HISTORY OF PETROLEUM.—The *Lumberman's Gazette* gives the following short history of petroleum: The production of petroleum as an article of trade dates from the 28th of August, 1859, when Colonel Drake, in a well 69½ feet deep "struck oil," and coined a phrase that will last as long as the English language. From that beginning it has increased to an annual production of 14,500,000 barrels of crude oil. The first export was in 1861, of 27,000 barrels, valued at $1,000,000, and the export of petroleum in the year 1877 was, in round numbers, $62,000,000. The annual product of petroleum to day—crude and refined—is greater in value than the entire production of iron, and is more than double that of the anthracite coal of the State of Pennsylvania, and exceeds the gold and silver product of the whole country. As an article of export it is fourth, and contests closely for the third rank. Our leading exports are as follows: Cotton annually from $175,000,000 to $227,000,000; flour from $69,000,000 to $130,000,000; pork and its products (bacon, ham and lard) from $57,000,000 to $82,000,000; and petroleum from $48,000,000 to $62,000,000. The total export of petroleum from 1861 to and including 1877 (16 years) has been $442,698,968, which foreign valuation. From the best custom house sources of information there are at this time 10,000 oil wells, producing and drilling, which, at a cost of $5,000 per well, would make an investment of $50,000,000 in this branch of the business. Tankage now existing of a capacity of 6,000,000 barrels cost $2,000,000, and $7,000,000 has been invested in about 2,000 miles of pipe lines connected with the wells. The entire investment for the existing oil production, including purchase money of territory, is something over $100,000,000, which amount cannot be lessened much, if any, for as wells cease to produce new ones have been constantly drilled to take their place.

Dr. G. F. Waters, of Boston, some time since stated that bicarbonate of soda would promptly subdue pain. To demonstrate this idea, he scalded himself severely at the wrist, applied his remedy, and the pain was at once dispelled. With proper care the wound would have healed speedily; but the doctor was careless, and a troublesome suppurating wound was the result. It then occurred to him to substitute vegetable albumen, for animal albumen, in healing the wound. He therefore removed the scab, and after drying the wound with blotting paper, applied the juice of the common milk weed. The result was surprising, as the wound was healed in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, according to its depth. A new skin was entirely formed med. The doctor says that all that is necessary is to have the wound thoroughly dry before applying the milk weed.

The perfect imprint of a tree may be seen upon the breast of Thomas Briggs of Wellsburg, West Virginia, who was struck by lightning on July 4.

Edison quit inventing as soon as he made a machine that talked back.

COST OF PUMPING WATER IN CINCINNATI.

Below we give some interesting figures in regard to the cost of pumping water at various stations of the Cincinnati (Ohio) Water Works. In 1877 it cost $58 per million gallons to elevate water from the Front street pumping works to the Mt. Auburn reservoir; in 1877 it cost $26 per million gallons; this year it is costing $22, and next year it may—we can't be sure it will—cost less. The high service requires about 658,000,000 gallons a year. The present annual saving there alone is the little sum of $23,400. The cost in 1877 per 1000 gallons for this high service was nearly six cents; in 1878 to the present it is a little above two and one-fourth cents. In the low pressure service the pumping cost per million gallons in 1873 $21.07, or about 2 cents per 1000 gallons; in 1877 it cost $11.34 or a little above 11-10 cents per 1000 gallons, and at present it is costing less, and next year it might and should—but it is not certain it will—cost still less. This low pressure—Eden reservoir—service is required to furnish the city daily the year round an average of 17,000,000 gallons of water, or the enormous quantity of 6,205,000,000 gallons. The saving of cost in pumping on each million gallons in 1877 over that of 1873 is the difference between $21.7, the cost in 1873, and $11.34, the cost in 1877, which is $9.63. This sum during the present hot month is saved 21 times a day, or nearly once every hour, for the city is now using 21,000,000 gallons of water a day. In a year it is saved 6205 times, or was last year, and that sum in dollars and cents foots up $59,754-15. Add to this the $23,400 for the Mt. Auburn high service and $83,154.15 is the annual saving. The minimum has not yet been reached, but the approach to it seems to be constant and persistent, as the following figures for the first six months of the present year show Tons of coal consumed for each 1,000,000 gallons of water pumped: In 1877, 2.51-100 tons the first six months; in 1878, 2.28-100 tons for the first six months. Coal used first six months of 1877 to pump 3,021,580,000 was 7595.09 tons. Coal used first six months of 1878 to pump the same amount of water was 6889.20 tons, a saving of 705.89 tons of coal in six months of 1878 as compared with 1877, or about $4000 saving per year over 1877. There is, however, room to continue the improvement a long time before an altogether satisfactory figure for the cost of pumping is obtained.—*Iron Age.*

THE WOOL PRODUCT OF THE WORLD.—From an interesting article on the wool trade of the Pacific coast, published in a recent number of the San Francisco *Journal of Commerce*, we learn that the number of sheep in the world is now estimated at from four hundred and eighty-four to six hundred millions, of which the United States has about 36,000,000, and Great Britain the same number. From 1801 to 1875 the wool clip of Great Britain and Ireland increased from 94,000,000, to 325,000,000 pounds. That of France has increased almost as rapidly, though the wool is finer, as a rule, and hence the superiority of French cloths. Australia produces nearly as much wool as the parent country—Great Britain. The United States product increased from very little at the beginning of the century to about 200,000,000 pounds at the present time. Of this California has produced about one fourth, and the Pacific coast as a whole almost one third. If the ratio of growth shown in the past prevails in the future, the day is not far distant when the Pacific coast will produce at least one half the wool produced in the United States, as not only California and Oregon, but also Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah, and New Mexico are well adapted to its production. The wool clip of Australia is about 284,000,000 pounds: that of Buenos Ayres and the river Plata, 222,500,000 pounds: other countries not previously given, 463,000,000 pounds. The total clip of the world last year was about 1,497,500,000 pounds, worth $150,000,000. This when scoured would yield about 852,000,000 pounds of clean wool.

BOXES ON THE EAR.—The blindness of the King of Hanover was occasioned, it is understood, by an accidental, and by no means violent, blow upon the eye. Scarcely a day passes, we believe, without some schoolmaster (or school-fellow, in natural imitation of his master,) giving a lad a smart "box" upon the ear. Few persons would be bold enough to choose the eye as a part upon which it was expedient to inflict a violent blow by way of moral education, but there is apparently no end to the numbers who select an organ upon which violence is liable to be attended with much more dangerous results. For not only is deafness caused by "boxes," which rupture (as they continually do) the drum of the ear, but the inflammation of the internal cavity, which is so frequent a result, may be followed by disease of the bone, giving rise to abscess of the brain, and having a fatal termination. Medical men alone can be fully aware how fruitful a source of suffering and danger is represented by a box upon the ear. There are, for example, in the dissection at the present moment, two schoolboys who have been the victims of such an assault. Surely the schoolmaster ought to have learned, long ere this, the danger of a mode of personal chastisement that has apparently usurped the place of others, which, if more disgusting were not attended with an equal amount of peril.

The Co-Operative Mill and associations of England have felt almost equally with other manufacturing interests the pressure of the times, and the workmen have learned thereby a useful lesson. Commenting upon this, the *New York Times* sensibly remarks:—"When a co-operative laborer finds that his oppression and the lowering of his wages come, not from the hard-hearted capitalist, but from his own brethren and from the inevitable laws of trade and production, we may well believe that one of the best lessons of political economy has been taught him in the most effective of methods. The factory hand will learn that his wages are paid by the master; not from some unlimited and mysterious fund, but from the profits of the business, and that, when these are nothing, the manufacture really borrows from the future to support his men.

The London season has been enlivened with a striking novelty. The Chinese Minister and Mme. Kuo had a reception at the Legation a fortnight ago. This was the first entertainment of such a nature ever given in Europe by the representative of the Celestial Empire. The house was brilliantly illuminated. Mme. Kuo received her guests in English fashion, though in Chinese garb, and 600 people responded to the invitations.

A young woman went into the Portland Block at Chicago the other day to answer an advertisement. She entered the elevator, and when she found it moving upwards gave a yell and jumped through the opening above the entrance, landing on the ground unhurt, though demoralized. She then, according to the said *Tribune*, gave "a wild whoop and cantered up Dearborn street."

To get the greatest amount of pleasure, it may be said, is the only rational object, which a man can propose to himself; but to suppose that this object can be attained either by recklessly gratifying every desire as it raises, or by collecting huge heaps of the ordinary material of pleasure, such as money, or food, or fine clothes is childish.

The Largest Store! The Largest Stock!
THE LOWEST PRICES!

NO ONE allowed to undersell us, we buy cheaper than any one, and therefore sell cheaper. LOOK HERE! Men's high laced strong Shoes, $1; men's buckle Plough Shoes, $1; gents' low Walking Shoes, $1.25 and $1.35; gents' good Congress Gaiters, $1.25; best 3-lb Tomatoes, 10 cts. can; good Rio Coffee, 20 cts., best 25 and 28 cts.; best Java, 33 cts. lb.; Concentrated Lye, 12 cts. box; best Stove Polish, 3 cts.; Washing Soap, 3 and 4 cts.; good Starch, 6 cts. lb., Canary Seed, 8 cts. lb.; splendid Green, Black or Mixed TEA, 40 cts. lb.; gents' fine diagonal worsted Dress Suits, pants, coat and vest, only $6, worth double; gents' all-wool Pants, $3; gents fine worsted Pants, $1.50 & $1.75; boys full suits, $3.75, upward; children's suits, $2.50; Men's lined Pants, 75c., better, $1.00 $1.25; Overalls, 31, 35 and 40 cts.; best duck Overalls, 60 cts.; Cheviot Shirts, 35, 40 cts.; Percale Shirts, two collars, 75c.; best laundried White Shirts, pure linen shield bosom, $1.00; unlaundried, linen bosom Dress Shirts, 75 cts. Sole agency for the famous "Pearl" Shirts, 3-ply linen bosom, Wamsutta muslin, guaranteed fit, only $1. HATS! HATS! Boys felt, 50 cts.; best quality boys telescope, $1; mens good Hats, 85c. Fruit of the Loom Muslin, (remnants), 4 cts. yd.; best Calico, 4 and 5 cts. yd.; ladies tucked and ruffled Skirts, 45 cts. A large line of Corsets, 25, 30, 40 cts. to $1; "Jouvier" Kid Gloves, 50c.; Embroideries, from 5 cts. yd.; best Spool Cotton, 5 cts; Knitting Cotton, 4 cts. ball; Quilting Cotton, 10 cts. lb.; Table Linen, 25 cts. yd.; Tin Milk Pails, $2.25 per doz.; large Tea and Coffee Pots, 15, 18 to 30 cts.; Oil Cans, 15c. and 20c.; Wash Boilers 60c., 70c. upward; Wash Basins, 18 to 25c.; patented Dinner Kettles, 25 to 60c.; Cups and Saucers, 30 to 40 cts. sett; Chamber setts, $2.50; best English ware, $3; Glass Lamps, complete, 20 and 25c.; splendid Tumblers, 40 and 46 cts. doz.; good Goblets, 50, 60 cents doz.; Individual Salts, 30 cts. doz.; large Glass Pitchers, 50c. Ladies and Children's Shoes—a large stock—Ladies' Button Shoes, as low as $1; ladies' Lasting Shoes, $1; children's Shoes, 25c. upward. Baskets! Baskets! All sizes and prices. Trunks! Trunks! All kinds, all sizes, and lowest prices, from $1 up. Baby Carriages from $6.50. Brown Mixed Paint, 4c. lb. Lard Oil, $1 per gallon, and numerous other things, which we are selling at very low prices FOR CASH.

WOOD'S CHEAP STORES,
58 and 60 Mill Street, Bristol.

Bristol.

TRY AND BUY. TRY YOU TRY AND BUY. TRY WILL.
BUY. BUY. BUY.
THE NEW WEED SEWING MACHINE!

The Most Complete Machine in the Market.

WHILE the New Weed retains all the qualities of the old model, it has gained the following new ones.

Lightness of Running and Noiselessness of Movement.

THE CAM has been replaced by a crank, giving an accurate movement to the needle bar, without noise.

FOR THE VIBRATING ARM is substituted a reciprocating shaft.

THE TAKE UP is entirely left out, the needle bar serving for that purpose.

The Stitch Regulating Nut is on the bed of the Machine. The upper thread slips into all its guides leaving only two places to thread

The Shuttle is the most complete one ever made for easy threading, only one place to thread. These are a few of the improved qualities of the New Weed. In buying a Weed you know you are getting a new machine as they cannot use the old ones to make new ones of. There are a great many machines being sold for new, that are only old ones rebuilt.

We know there are a great many people yet wanting Sewing Machines, and there are a great many old machines that ought to be exchanged for new ones, and to those wanting machines we would say cast aside your prejudices in favor of this or that machine, and come and see the light running, easy threading, no trouble, substantial, handsome Weed Sold cheap on easy terms. Old machines taken in exchange for new ones. Old machines for sale cheap.

WILLIAM H. BOOZ, Agent,
Radcliffe Street, Bristol
Next to Presbyterian Church. 240

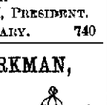
Which Plan is the Best?
THE COMMERCIAL
Insurance Company
INSURES DWELLING HOUSES, STORES
&c., &c.,
(No hazardous risks taken.)
ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment.

Full particulars given. Apply at office
No. 44 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.
JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT.
E. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY. 740

MITCHELL & KIRKMAN,
MARBLE
and
Brown Stone
CUTTERS,



Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES and STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.
CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c. 773

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.

ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 80

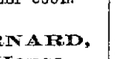
BUY THE FERRIS OIL STOVE
IF YOU WANT TO KEEP COOL.
FOR SALE BY
THOMAS BARNARD,
Bristol Stove House,
18 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.
TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WARE, made to order.
Jobbing Punctually Attended To.
TIN ROOFING done at lowest cash prices.
812 All Work Warranted.

MRS. L. A. CARR,
No. 69 Bath Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
DRESS MAKER.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS made in the latest styles and best manner, at the lowest rates.
CUTTING AND FITTING at the shortest notice.
Underwear and Machine Stitching.
N. B.—Tailoring in all its branches.
Boy's Suits cut and made reasonably. 49

Picture Glass.
JUST RECEIVED, A LOT OF
FRENCH GLASS
For Covering Pictures.
Pure and free from blisters, and but little higher in price than common American.
Sizes from 6x8 to 25x40 inches.
83 J. H. BOSTWICK.

H. A. BRADFIELD,
Mill Street near the Canal Bridge,
AGENT FOR
Decker Bros., Steck, Bradbury and Haines Bros.
PIANOS,



and
The Mason & Hamlin Organs.
Prices cheap as the cheapest, and almost any make of instrument obtained very low.
A complete stock of VIOLIN STRINGS. Best Italian Strings, 81 per set, sent by mail on receipt of price. Also Musical Publications of all kinds, Sheet Music, Books, etc.
Singer Improved Sewing Machines
For sale—down to $30. Call and see them. 74

Road View.

THE undersigned viewers appointed by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of the County of Bucks, to view and lay out a Public Road in the township of Bristol, in said county of Bucks, beginning at a stake set in the south easterly side of the Philadelphia and Trenton Turnpike Road sixteen and a half feet north eastwardly from the line of land lately conveyed by Jesse Hollings to Dr. Mortwize, upon land of William Lovett, thence extending by the shortest and best route over improved lands of William Lovett to and ending at the wharf of the Tullytown Wharf Company upon the river Delaware, hereby give notice that they will meet all parties interested at the place of beginning of said proposed road, on SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th, A. D., 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, for the purpose of their appointment.

J. WILSON CLOSSON,
WILLIAM KINSEY,
WILLIAM B. BAKER, } Viewers.
275

Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of the County of Bucks to make distribution, settle and adjust the balance of $5,524.84 in the hands of John Wright, Administrator of the estate of Catharine Whittaker, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will meet all parties interested, at his office in the Borough of Bristol, in said county, on MONDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where they can attend if they see proper.
275 B. F. GILKESON, Auditor.

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL;
WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS,
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure
And Horse Stable Manure,
Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa.
BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand, or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rates. 538

Miscellaneous.

"Things equal to the same thing, are equal to each other."
BUT NO ONE THING HAS YET BEEN INVENTED TO EQUAL THE NEW
SYRACUSE
CHILLED PLOW,
On the following points:
1. Durability.
2 Will clean in any soil superior to the best tempered Steel Plows.
3. Like superiority over any Cast Iron Plow, and a draft twenty-five per cent. less.
4. At a price less than that of any Steel Plow, or any other Plow which is really a Chilled Plow.
5. Leaving the soil in a better condition than any Plow in use.
6. That no farmer can afford to plow his soil without one. If you want to see it work, drop me a line.
L. L. WHITE,
887 Yardleyville, Pa.

BURLINGTON
Carriage Factory!
BROAD STREET, BELOW THE DEPOT,
BURLINGTON, N. J.

I AM now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Carriages, Light and Heavy, of the most approved styles and finish, made of the best material and by first-class workmen. I have a number of first-class Carriages on hand at present, comprising
Phætons—Extension Tops and Lady's Pony Phætons, Double Seat Standing Tops, Jenny Lind Falling Top Buggies, No-Top Buggies and Track Sulkies,
which I will sell for the lowest cash price. Those who want first-class Carriages will do well to call and examine my stock, as I will not be undersold by any one who does first class work. Repairing promptly attended to and neatly done
158 JOHN CRAFT.

READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE.
Is endorsed by every PRACTICAL PAINTER. COVERING CAPACITY AND DURABILITY EXCEED ANY KNOWN PAINT. Buildings Painted with our Prepared Paints, if not satisfactory, will be Repainted at our Expense.
For sale by J. S. THOMAS,
224 Bristol, Pa.

SAMUEL C. BRUDON,
Radcliffe and Market Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Dealer in Fish and Oysters.
EVERY VARIETY OF FISH from fresh and salt water: Lobsters, Oysters, Clams, Soft Shell Crabs, &c., in season. My stock is selected with great care, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious, both as to quality and price. 75

JOHN K. WILDMAN,
No. 26 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.
BONDS AND STOCKS
of all kinds bought and sold.
United States Bonds
EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES.

WILLIAM C. PEIRCE,
Stock Broker,
NO. 136 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Second Floor, PHILADELPHIA.
Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of investment securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, including Government Bonds, State and City Loans Railroad Bonds and Stocks, &c., &c. 551

MARIS & SMITH,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 18 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS,
&c.,
Bought and sold on Commission.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals received on favorable terms

THE PENNSYLVANIA
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Incorporated 1825—Charter Perpetual.
No. 510 Walnut Street,
Opposite Independence Square, PHILADELPHIA.
CAPITAL.....$400,000 00
ASSETS.....1,704,481 36
Directors:
John Devereux, | Thomas Smith,
Daniel Smith, Jr., | Henry Lewis,
Isaac Hazlehurst, | J. Gillingham Fell,
Thomas Robins, | Dan'l Haddock, Jr.,
Franklin A. Comly.
JOHN DEVEREUX, President.
WM. G. CROWELL, Secretary.
144 JOHN L. THOMSON, Asst Sec.

THE INDEPENDENT
Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
EFFECTS INSURANCE on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.
GEORGE W. RHAWN, President.
LESTER COMLY (Byberry P. O.), Secy and Treas.
EMMOR COMLY, Agent,
1035 Bristol.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,
Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.
THE WONDERFUL CHIMPANZEES, ELEPHANTS, LIONS; Tigers, Giraffes, Sea Lions, Grizzly and Polar Bears, Monkeys, &c., &c. Largest collection of Living Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles on the Continent.
OPEN EVERY DAY.
Excursionists need not carry lunch. A commodious and cheap restaurant is on the ground.
Admission—Adults, 25c. Children, 10c. 211

WUNDER'S
OYSTER BAY,
S. W. Corner Second and Church Streets
86 PHILADELPHIA.

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
HATS, CAPS
AND
STRAW GOODS,
No. 1209 North Second Street,
East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
A full assortment of Umbrellas. 27

New Tin Store---Up Town.
ROBERT WARDEN,
Corner of Penn and Wood Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.
TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING. A general assortment of Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Kitchen Utensils, always on hand. Jobbing of all descriptions promptly attended to. Prices to suit the times. 854

Notice.

AS I have been compelled to vacate the premises No. 28 Mill Street, which I have occupied as a BAKERY, I have secured the premises on MILL STREET, opposite A. L. Packer's Flour and Feed Store, where I intend carrying on the Baking business. Thanking the public kindly for their past patronage, I hope by proper attention to business to receive a continuance of the same.
Yours respectfully,
A. K. HOFF.
N. B.—All orders received at the store, or by the carriers, or through the mail, will be promptly attended to. 190

MUSIC!
FOR BALLS, PARTIES, PIC-NICS, FESTIVALS, &c. Call on or address
JAMES SERDON,
1423 VINE ST., PHILADA.
Residence, 309 North 15th street, above Vine. 17

WUNDER'S
OYSTER BAY,
S. W. Corner Second and Church Streets
PHILADELPHIA.

Miscellaneous.

HARDWARE AND IRON STORE,
AT NO. 47 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.
CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK
OF
Shelf and Heavy Hardware,
IRON AND STEEL,
NAILS AND CUTLERY,
PURE PAINTS, READY MIXED FOR IMMEDIATE USE;
THE CELEBRATED BLANCHARD CHURN,
FARM AND GARDEN IMPLEMENTS
WIRE SCREEN, BEREA GRINDSTONES, GUM HOSE,
A Full Line of Locks and Bolts,
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